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THE ENGLISH PRINCES AT THE ANTIPODES.*

THE BACCHANTE OUT-RIDING A STORM.

MAY 3rd, 1884, on board H. M. S. *Bacchante.* The days go by with not much variety; morning school goes on like clockwork, whether the weather be windy or rainy, calm or rough, and long ago one has learnt to adapt oneself to this. In the afternoon, after French study, we went on reading about the exploration of Australia and its various colonies. In the evening, when we are not on watch, we get many opportunities on a long sea cruise for reading.

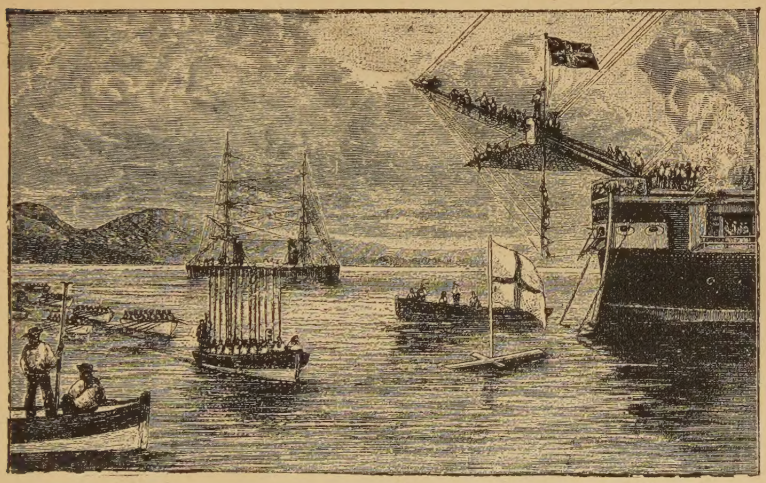
May 12th.—Blowing very hard all night; at 5.15 a.m. a sea struck and filled the port cutter in a heavy roll, and she was washed away; heavy seas running, nearly a foot or more of

* From the journals of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales.

water sometimes on the deck. At night we saw one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed on, though we never wish to be in similar circumstances, or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm-clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale. For a few seconds, when the *Bacchante* first broached to, it was doubtful what would happen, but the old ship came to the wind and lay to of her own accord. It was not, however, till the next morning that we realized our position of being practically rudderless on the open sea. The gale continued, and there was of course still a very heavy sea, but she proved herself a good sea boat. The lower deck was, however, all afloat through the seas washing up through the scuppers. Few ships would have ridden out the gale so easily and well as did the *Bacchante*. By daylight it was discovered by looking over the stern, as the ship pitched, that the rudder was amidships, whilst the tiller in the captain's cabin was hard a starboard. But by altering the chains of the tiller in the captain's cabin it was hoped that we should manage to get a small helm sufficient to turn her round and keep her on a course.

Accordingly, after dinner, another effort was made, and at two p.m. set fore trysail and increased steam power to forty revolutions, and put the helm over as far as it would go under this new process—roughly 8°. She took half an hour to turn eight points. The sun was shining brightly, and the sea still showed more foam than blue, and was very high, coming over all along the nettings. She was anxiously watched, and for a minute seemed to be paying off, though very loath to leave her old position; and again went back to it, then rose slowly and gracefully to the next surge of the sea, paying off this time a little more than before, and so again and again the same was repeated rhythmically, and almost as if the ship was a sentient being, and was doing all this in a dignified manner without hurry and precipitation, amid the whistling of the wind in the blocks and rigging, and the continuous swish and moaning onset of the waves. We made a large circle thus, and at four p.m. her head was round, though still up in the wind on the other tack, and now pointing north for Australia instead of drifting south to the pole. We are getting out of the roaring forties, and are gradually drawing to the north of the gale as we near the land.

May 15*th.*—At nine a.m. sighted Mount Gardner, a peak in Western Australia, and afterwards Bald Head, at the entrance of King George's Sound. Had a short service on the main deck at 10.30 a.m., the men in their damp working dress. At one p.m. we passed under the west side of Breaksea Island, with a lighthouse on top of its red rocky, precipitous sides, weather-worn from the westerlies that have beaten on it for ages. The only way of landing is by means of a rope ladder on the east or lee side. We steamed right on and up to the entrance of Princess Royal Harbour. Here we anchored at three p.m. for the night. Had Sunday afternoon prayers at four p.m.

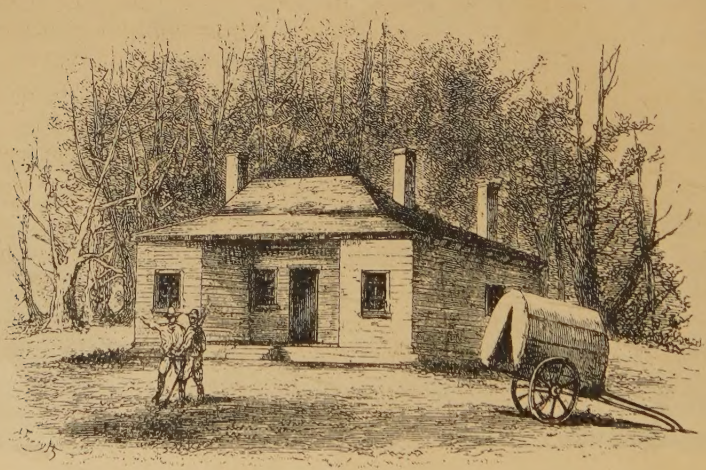


Bacchante at Anchor—Boat Drill.

May 17*th.*—Went ashore to shoot quail. The hillside here abounds in "black boys," curious black resinous stems, three feet high, and one in diameter, with a small green tuft on top, and which make a splendid fire in the bush when one is required. Of gum-trees there are also no end, and we were told that so dry is the climate that if any one catches a cold in the head here, he only has to take his blanket and sleep out in the open air, and he comes home cured; such effect have the eucalyptus leaves. The wood was full of paroquets, who were shrieking and laughing; and from tree to tree were hanging all sorts of creepers and parasitic orchids; and the dry calm air was filled with an aromatic or resinous odour; while

beside the path which was cut through the wood were several strangely-shaped and brilliantly-coloured flowers growing.

May 20th.—Ashore again. The wood at first consists chiefly of various kinds of banksias and "black boys," huge cactus-like shrubs, of which there are several sorts, some short and knobby, others tall and tufted with green blossoms. The eucalyptus is shedding its "well-formed cups," or seed-pods, from which it derives its name, all over the ground; the peppermint trees with their willow-like leaves; the paper-bark trees, off the stems of which the bark peels in flakes like paper, and with foliage like the yew. A number of black cockatoos, pretty grey honey-suckers, and other birds with bright yellow wings, were flying about. We walk up to the small shanty in which



SETTLER'S HOME, AUSTRALIA.

we are to stay. This consists of two rooms completely empty and with bare floors, each, however, has a large open fireplace and plenty of jarrah wood stacked for use during the night. Two grand wood fires are already burning, bright and dry, such a contrast to what we have had for the last few weeks on board ship. A small two-wheeled cart that has brought our mattresses and rugs, and what few things we wanted for the night, has arrived before us, and we proceed at once to make our toilet in the open air, for there is plenty of fresh water in the tank outside, and a small wooden trough does duty by turns for each of the party. Did ample justice to the fowls, minced kangaroo, the jam, cream, scones, and no end of beauti-

ful fresh milk and butter, such as we have not tasted since we had left England. We slept as soundly as possible (nine in the two rooms), with the windows open and the fires burning.

May 21*st.*—Up at daybreak for the kangaroo hunt. First, however, in the delicious sunshine of the early morning, ran down to the creek and had a good sponge bath amid the rocks in the cool sea-water under the forest trees. We rode after the kangaroo through the bush, and soon put up a few, two of which by the help of the dogs, we killed, and kept their pads, as those of the first kangaroos we have seen in their native land. Returning at 11 a.m., had an excellent breakfast in the kitchen of the farm-house, agreeing that no cream or milk, butter or eggs, bread or tea, we had ever tasted was half so good as that here set before us. We have had a fine day's outing; the sense of freedom and the splendid dryness of the air are most delicious. We had a good tea in Mrs. Young's kitchen, and found that some of the kangaroo which we had got in the morning was, when minced, very excellent.

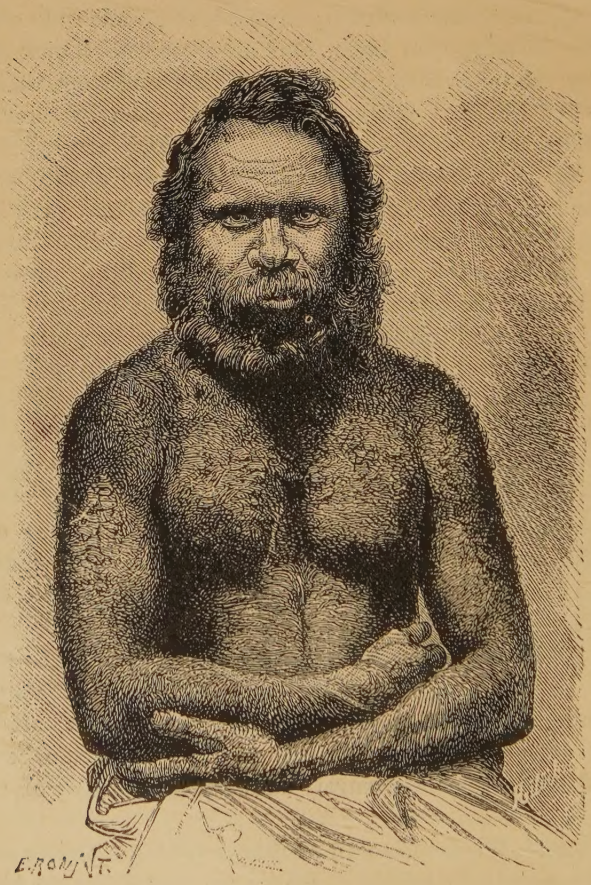
May 22*nd.*—Round each of our plates at breakfast Mrs. Young had laid a small wreath of rosebuds "for Sunday morning, and in memory of England." When the things were cleared away we had a short service in the kitchen, at which the whole family attended and joined. We shall ever cherish a grateful reminiscence of the kindly loyalty we have experienced from all the Queen's subjects at this our first landing-place in Australia.

June 10*th.*—It was a curious sensation to get up this morning and have no regular work to do at sea. The captain is complaining that we are only making twelve and a half knots; this, however, seems a fair speed to us, who have been accustomed lately to the leisurely and dignified crawl of a man-of-war.

June 12*th*—We came to an anchor at Glenelg, and on landing we went by train to Adelaide, where we drove up to Government House, and heard the first British cheers that have sounded in our ears for many a day. It being Sunday evening, the streets were full of people, who all seemed as glad to see us as we were to see them. Everything seemed like home.

June 14*th.*—Started at six a.m. by special train for Kadina. Tall brick chimneys, lofty scaffoldings with wheels at the top, and the other usual surroundings that bespeak proximity to mining operations, though there was no smoke or grimy black-

ness, such as usually in similar cases sullies the purity of the country air, greeted us as we drove up to Captain Hancock's office. There we dressed in flannel shirts and trousers, changed our hats and boots, and walking to the head of one of the shafts got four at a time into cages, by which we were lowered into



NATIVE AUSTRALIAN.

the rich copper mine below. All here, "one and all," are true Cornishmen, fine stalwart fellows; most of those we see young, tall, and broad, with a slight South Australian drawl, but of the real English bone and sinew and straightforward look about their faces.

June 18th.—We went to the opening of the National Art

Gallery in the new University Buildings, to which the Queen has lent some pictures from Windsor. South Australia evidently considers itself a real and living portion of the British Empire, and is quite willing to share the burdens of citizenship with the mother-country.

June 19th.—In the afternoon drove to the Hospital for Incurables, where there are about forty-eight patients. There were several poor boys with spinal affections, one very bright little chap chatted with us some time and gave us some carving of his own doing. There were also some poor paralyzed old men who were sunning themselves in front. We had a quiet dinner at Government House, and afterwards some music and hymns with Lady and Miss Jervois in the drawing-room.

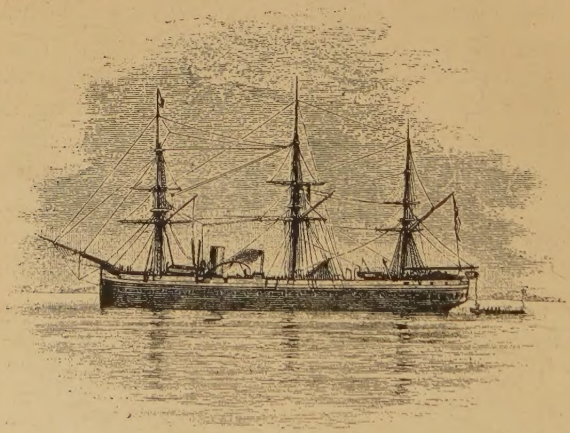
June 21st.—Breakfast at 7.30 a.m., and started immediately for the kangaroo hunt. They are in such large numbers here that, although their skins make capital fur, it is customary to cut off only their thick tails, which make excellent soup, and leave their carcasses on the ground. The kangaroo are very destructive to the sheep runs by eating the grass, and multiply at a great rate; faster than they can be kept down. On this estate, which consists of 50,000 acres, there were 4,000 kangaroo killed last year; each tail, which is worth about sixpence, is given to the keepers.

The sound of a lamb's bleat reminded one also of England, where to-day is the longest day, though here it is the shortest in the year. The sky is leaden, and though there is no frost, there is a feel about the clear air like a black winter.

June 22nd.—It was nearly 10 p.m. before we arrived at Kingston at the end of our ninety-eight miles drive from Meningie, having made altogether 108 miles to-day, which is more than the *Bacchante's* average for twenty-four hours. Here the inhabitants had illuminated their houses, and some of them even came out in a cavalcade to welcome us. There is also something original about the decorations here, and it is touching to see strong hearty men as well as women really affected by the remembrances of the old country which our coming seems to awaken in their breasts; for of course we know well enough that all this is not got up for us, but is merely a sign of their warm attachment to England over the seas, and of all that name awakens and recalls in every British breast.

The Scotch are the best and most successful of emigrants.

Half the most prominent among the statesmen of the Canadian confederation, of Victoria and Queensland are born Scots, and all the great merchants of India are of the same nation. Whether it is that the Scotch emigrants are for the most part men of better education than those of other nations, or whether the Scotchman owes his uniform success in every climate to his perseverance or his shrewdness, the fact remains that wherever abroad you come across a Scotchman you invariably find him prosperous and respected in calculating contentment; and with a strong-handed, open-hearted hospitality that no words can render adequate thanks for. To come in contact only with such colonists is morally healthgiving.



THE BACCHANTE AT ANCHOR.

MISTLETOE.

To the cradle bough of a naked tree,
Benumbed with ice and snow,
A Christmas dream came suddenly—
A birth of Mistletoe.

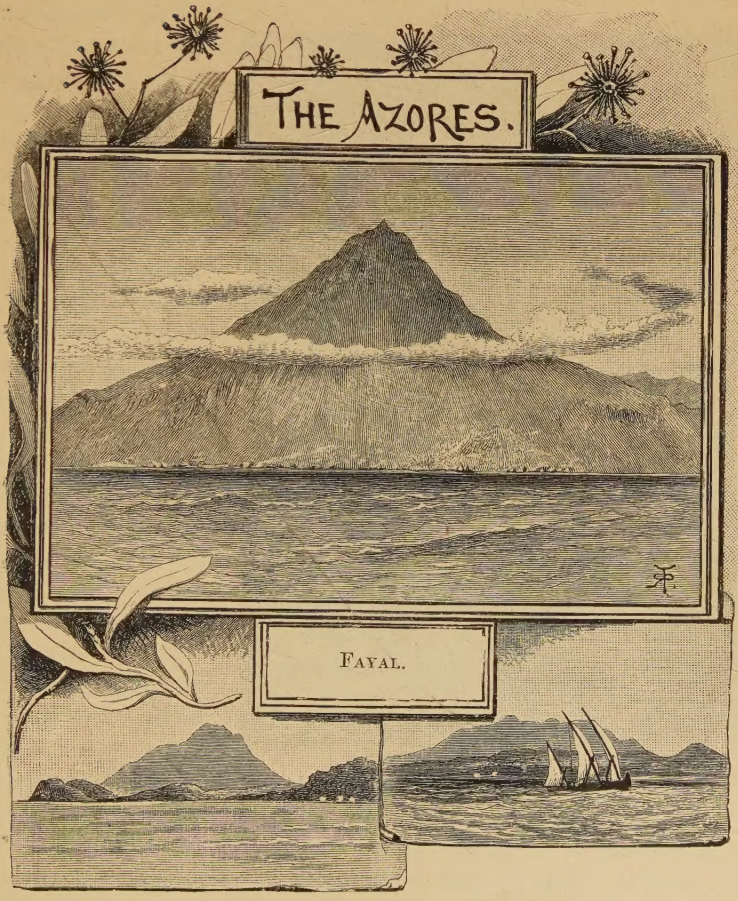
The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud
Strode out on the night to see;
The Herod north wind blustered loud,
To rend it from the tree.

But the Old Year took it for a sign,
And blessed it in his heart:
"With prophecy of peace divine
Let now my soul depart."

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XII.



Happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old ;
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales.

Thursday, December 20th.—Before starting on our present cruise we had endeavoured to obtain all the information procurable concerning the Azores, which we looked forward to

visiting on our way home, and where we hoped to make a much longer stay than will, unfortunately, now be possible. Although it is, of course, only necessary to turn to a gazetteer to solve the principal questions, it may perhaps save some people the trouble of doing so if I remind them that the Azores, Ilhas dos Açores, or Isles of Hawks, consist of a group of nine islands, belonging to Portugal, from which country they are distant about 800 miles, the shortest route to England being nearly 1,400 miles. The islands are of volcanic origin, and their coasts are rugged and precipitous. The highest elevation is the Peak of Pico, which attains an altitude of 7,613 feet; but there are many other mountains of importance. The inhabitants of the Azores are of Portuguese origin; though their blood appears to contain a considerable admixture of the negro element. The peasantry are quiet, well-behaved, and industrious, but superstitious to a gross extent, and lamentably ignorant of agriculture. The climate is moist but healthy; and the variations of temperature throughout the year are comparatively insignificant. The principal products are oranges, pine-apples, bananas, grapes, various kinds of grain, and tobacco; besides which the sugar-cane and coffee are also cultivated on a small scale. It appears probable that the islands were known to the Phœnicians, traces of whose presumed visits still remain in the

PONTA DELGADA—LANDING-PLACE.

shape of coins which are occasionally dug up in various parts. It is certain, however, that the Azores were not known to what may be called the modern world until late in the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century, when they gradually came to be marked upon the maps of the period.

Friday, December 21*st*.—We made the island of St. Michael's at day-break, and anchored off Ponta Delgada at eight a.m. I felt that my only chance of recovery was to spend a few days on shore; and steps were accordingly taken to ascertain what could be done in the way of securing lodgings. The result of the inquiries was not very encouraging, it being found that the only English hotel in the place was nearly full, and that the few vacant apartments were engaged for guests who were expected to arrive by steamer this evening. It was, however, ultimately settled that I and my maid were to have rooms at the hotel, and that the rest of the party were to remain on board the yacht.

Our first impressions of Ponta Delgada were that the town appeared to bear a strong general resemblance to Venice, the curious hats worn by the men, and the black or dark-blue cloaks of the women, with their strange head-dresses, rather serving to keep up the illusion. The city ranks third in extent and importance among those of the Portuguese dominions; the population being about thirty thousand, and the trade considerable. The hotel, to which I was carried on landing, commands views over extensive orange-groves, the town, and the harbour, and wears a cheerful and comfortable aspect. It is kept by a motherly-looking Scotch woman, and her son and daughter, all of whom did their best to make us feel at home. Close by is the charming Borges Garden, where I reposed upon the grass while the rest of our party made a little tour of exploration. The vegetation appeared to combine the products of the temperate and of the tropic zones. The temperature varies but little throughout the year, its extreme range not exceeding thirty-five degrees, and the average being about sixty degrees.

Saturday, December 22*nd*.—Tom had an idea that mountain air might perhaps do me more good than anything else, and had accordingly made arrangements for us all to go up to Las Furnas, supposed to be one of the healthiest spots in the Azores. These islands, which, as I need scarcely remind you, are of volcanic origin, abound in geysers, such as exist elsewhere only in the Yellowstone Valley, in Iceland, and I think, in New

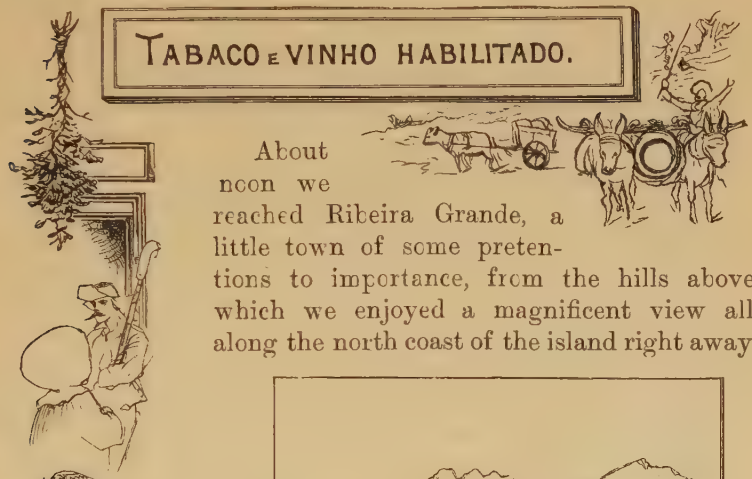
Zealand. Early in the present century an island which was called Sabrina suddenly sprang into existence, in the vicinity of St. Michael's, having been thrown by some volcanic disturbance to the height of between three and four hundred feet above the sea. It quickly subsided again, however, and is now wholly submerged.*

We started from Ponta Delgada soon after 9.30 a.m. with Mr. Seeman and one or two other friends who had kindly volunteered to accompany us. Before setting out, some discussion took place as to the way which we should take, the choice lying, as we were informed, between "the ugly short road, or the pretty long one." We ultimately decided in favour of the latter; but the result of our hesitation was that our servants and the luncheon, owing to some misunderstanding, went by one route, while we travelled by the other, and we never saw anything more, either of our domestics or of our *déjeuner* until nine o'clock in the evening.

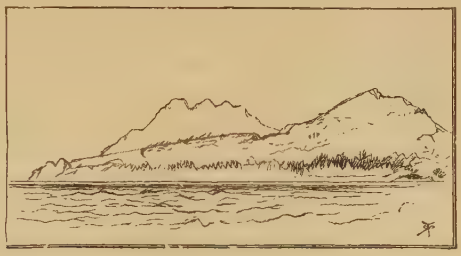
On first leaving the town, our road lay between high walls, surrounding the numerous orange gardens, for which St. Michael's is so famous. It was market-day at Ponta Delgada; and we saw many peasants coming down in their varied costumes, some of the women dressed in white, and wearing cloaks or *capotes*, which, although they bore a strong family resemblance to one another, varied slightly in shape, according to the islands from which their wearers came: the general appearance being something like that of the Maltese *faldette*. A

* The eruption which produced this short-lived member of the Azorean group commenced on June 13th, 1811. The appearance of the strange phenomena, as seen four days later by Captain Tillard, of H.M.S. *Sabrina*, was that of a body of white smoke revolving almost horizontally on the water, from which a succession of columns of black cinders, ashes, and stones, like church spires in form, rose to windward, at an angle of from 70 to 80 degrees from the horizon, and to a height of between seven and eight hundred feet above the sea, assuming the most graceful and fantastic shapes as they mingled with the white feathery smoke and fell into the sea beneath. At the end of four days a crater was visible above the surface of the sea, which is here about thirty fathoms in depth, and after twenty-nine more days of eruption a complete island, about a mile in circumference, had been formed, upon which Captain Tillard and some of his officers landed. Sabrina subsided almost as rapidly as it had sprung up; for within a year all traces of it had disappeared, except an extensive shoal, from which, towards the end of February, 1812, smoke was observed to issue forth, but which has since then given no similar evidence of its existence.

few of the men wore very curious high-peaked caps, called *carapucas*, of an old-fashioned shape, with flaps, turned up just like two horns. We were also greatly interested by seeing a sheep harnessed to a small cart, which he drew as well as any horse could have done.

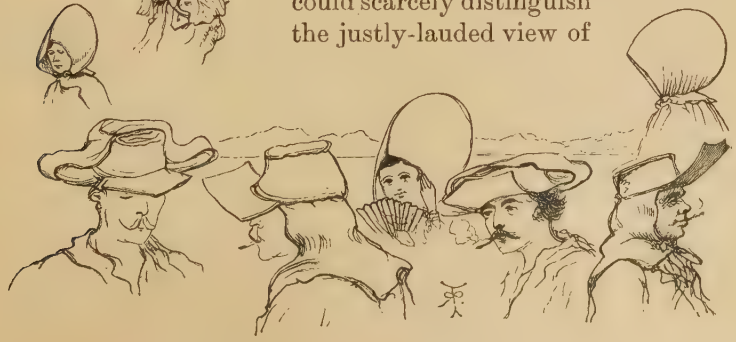


About noon we reached Ribeira Grande, a little town of some pretentions to importance, from the hills above which we enjoyed a magnificent view all along the north coast of the island right away



FERRARA POINT.

towards Punta de Malagas. Resuming our journey and mounting steadily to a height of 2,000 feet, we reached the top of the pass, by which time it was nearly if not quite dark, so that we could scarcely distinguish the justly-lauded view of



MARKET DAY—TYPES OF NATIVES.

the valley of Las Furnas, of which we had heard so much. Sulphurous and other vapours of every degree of pungency and density seemed to exude from the earth in all directions.

At last we reached our destination—I cannot say how much to my joy; for although our road to-day had led us through enchanting scenery, and although the temperature throughout had been delightful, I had felt so faint and weary that I was but imperfectly able to appreciate it all. The lights shining from all the windows of the hotel gave the building quite an imposing appearance from without; but the interior felt somewhat chilly and sepulchral, probably owing in some measure to the dampness of the atmosphere. With the aid of bright fires and numerous lights a better effect was soon produced; and a good dinner warmed and cheered us. My own apartment was very conventual in appearance, with its heavy doors and windows, its stone floor, and its curious old-fashioned bedstead. The window commanded an extensive view across a valley, which became more beautiful when the sun rose and gilded the peaks of the mountains, and penetrated into the picturesque valley.

Las Furnas seems to be the very centre of nature's boiling-house; springs of all sorts of mysterious mixtures of varying temperatures, bubbling and spurting forth from the earth, sometimes with considerable force, in all parts of the lovely valley. Close by the bath-house numerous hot springs and great mud-geysers bubble and fume; the water being conducted into the clean marble baths by means of pipes. The principal *caldeira* looked like a huge cauldron of muddy water, bubbling, and seething, and occasionally throwing up jets into the air. Throughout the entire extent of the valley of Las Furnas, *caldeiras* and *boccas* abound in every direction. Nothing grows quite close to these *boccas;* the mephitic fumes from which fill the air, and destroy all vegetation. The whole place seems to be constantly enveloped in medicated steam, while the earth around trembles with a ceaseless rumbling and thundering as of subterranean artillery. From one cavern called the Bocca d'Inferno, or Mouth of Hell, streams of hot mud pour forth without intermission. This particular spot is much dreaded by the peasantry, who regard it as haunted by the ghosts of those who have at various times fallen into the hideous depths beneath. There is another geyser not far from this, from which any foreign substance, if thrown in, is immediately ejected with

more or less violence, according to its size. Our guide experimented upon it with some large pieces of turf and stones, which appeared to irritate the demon of the fountain greatly, for they were thrown up again with a tremendous spurt, after an interval of a few seconds. These springs are very uncertain, and therefore dangerous in their outbursts.

The Azores are famed for the prolific growth of all sorts of tuberous plants, such as potatoes, arums, and caladiums. I never saw anything so luxuriant as the yams, which abound

Bocca D' Inferno.

here wherever the soil is good, and which are watered by warm streams, carefully conducted by an ingenious system of irrigation, to the roots of the plant. The view along the coast was very fine; the waters of the broad Atlantic dashing in grand masses against the steep columnar cliffs, which are evidently basaltic in character, and which reminded me somewhat of the Giant's Causeway.

At the northern end of the lake I had noticed dense columns of white smoke ascending with varying force and intensity, sometimes shooting high up into the air, and at others subsiding for a brief period altogether. This effect, I was informed, was produced by the action of another *caldeira*. Instead, therefore, of re-crossing in the boat, we rowed round the end

of the lake in order to see more of this interesting phenomenon. As we landed and approached, the ground beneath our feet became very hot, and it appeared as if there were only a sort of thin crust between us and the nether regions; while in addition to the large central spring, which was bubbling, and boiling, and spouting, with great force and velocity, it became evident that there were numberless small fountains bursting up through the ground in all directions. In the centre of the hottest spring, the temperature of which was I know not how many degrees above boiling-point, there is a stream of icy-cold water; so that it would be almost possible to ice your champagne and boil your kettle at the same time.

PROVOCAO.

As we spun down the hill leading to the town of Villa Franca, I almost thought that we must come to grief, so anxious was the Count to urge his favourite steed to its best pace. Of course the yacht, which was to have come round from Ponta Delgada, had not yet arrived. While we were sitting in the village square, waiting for luncheon, we were amused to see a troop of children scantily clad, one or two being minus garments of any kind whatever, playing at bull-fighting.

The Azores are considerably overpopulated; and some thousands of natives annually emigrate to other regions, where I believe that they make fairly good colonists. We were told that 3,000 was the number despatched to the Sandwich Islands in 1883. It was rather a lengthy business to reach the shore, laden as we were with chickens, eggs, vegetables, fruit and flowers, which had been presented to us, and which had to be

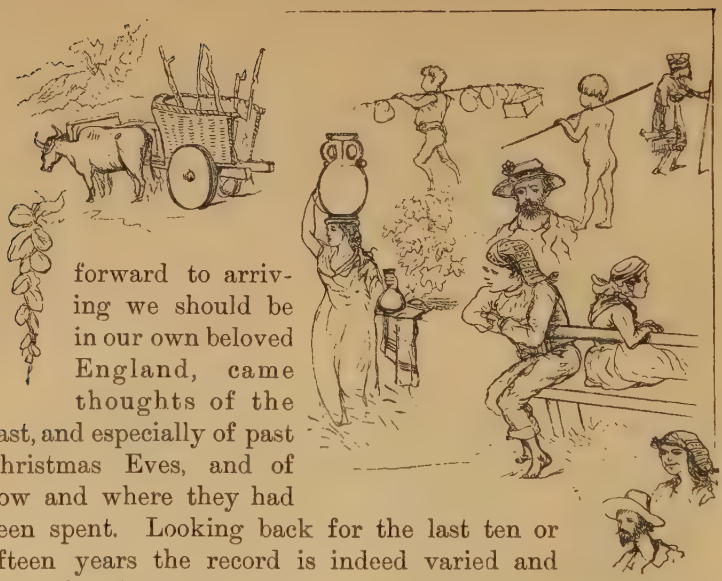
sent off to the yacht before we could embark ourselves. As we rowed from the shore we passed through what we at first took for a quantity of sargasso weed, but which on closer examination proved to consist of myriads of small pieces of pumice-stone.

On board the yacht, to which our Azorean friends accompanied us, and with which they were much delighted, it was almost impossible to move about, owing to the profusion of flowers which had been sent on board as farewell offerings. The sun was sinking fast, and daylight dying, when we at last weighed anchor, bade farewell to our kind friends, and to the

Lagos das Furnas.

islands of the Azores, and resumed our homeward voyage. Some of our visitors had by this time found the motion of the yacht rather trying, and were, I think, glad when the moment for departure arrived, and they were able to return to the shore. Once fairly under way, we proceeded to look round, and to get straight for sea. The cabins were all prettily decorated in honour of Christmas Eve; the pictures being wreathed with myrtles, and other greenery, including a little bit of *real* holly, which had been procured, I know not whence, by some energetic admirer of old English customs.

With the reflection that our pleasant voyage was now practically ended, and that at the next port at which we looked



forward to arriving we should be in our own beloved England, came thoughts of the past, and especially of past Christmas Eves, and of how and where they had been spent. Looking back for the last ten or fifteen years the record is indeed varied and comprehensive.

Towards the end of the year 1870 we lost the kindest and best of fathers—of whom it has been written: "On Mr. Brassey's death the grief of his friends was great and unanimous. They felt that in losing him they had lost one who gave a hearty welcome to them, whether they came to impart their sorrows or their joys, and who was equally ready, in either case, to give them aid and counsel, encouragement and sympathy." One, too, of whom the Emperor of Austria had remarked, on hearing of an enterprising and daring feat performed by one of Mr. Brassey's agents, in the interests of his employer: "Who is this English contractor, for whom men are to be found who work with such zeal and risk their lives?"

After this sad trouble we were anxious to get away for a change as quickly as possible; and Christmas Eve, 1870, found us speeding by P. and O. steamer across the Bay of Biscay and towards the Mediterranean, where we had left our yacht the *Meteor* a few months previously.

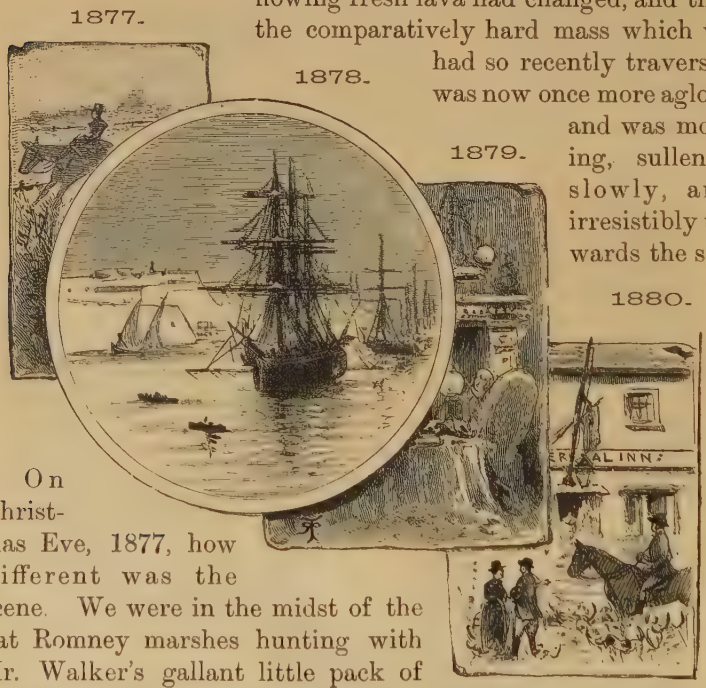
In 1871, and the two following years, we spent Christmas Eve quietly at home; on one occasion giving a dinner to our servants in the basement story of Normanhurst Court, where the crypt-like character of the surroundings lent a picturesque aspect to the scene; and, on another, regaling the inmates of the Battle workhouse with seasonable fare, and entertaining

the poor children with a Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve, 1874, we were returning from Nice to Paris, along the shores of the Mediterranean, which presented the unusual appearance of being covered with ice and snow. Christmas Eve, 1875, found us staying with my brother-in-law, at Adlestrop, in Oxfordshire. The Heythrop hounds, of which he is the master,

met at the house, and we enjoyed a merry spin with them across country, as a preliminary to the festivities of the following day.

Christmas Eve of 1876 was the most remarkable of my experience. The latter portion of the day and the earlier part of the night were spent on the lava which flows from the crater of Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands; and the scene upon which

we then gazed for many hours was one of which it was impossible ever to forget the fascinating weirdness, both by daylight and when the short tropical sunset was past, and we could see the full effect of the red-hot cauldron, with its liquid fiery contents, surrounded by the but partially cooled masses of lava over which we were walking. It was late ere we returned to our resting-place for the night; and as I looked out from the window of my room, at three o'clock on Christmas morning, I realized the startling fact that the course of the stream of ever-flowing fresh lava had changed, and that the comparatively hard mass which we had so recently traversed was now once more aglow, and was moving, sullenly, slowly, and irresistibly towards the sea.



CHRISTMAS EVES.

On Christmas Eve, 1877, how different was the scene. We were in the midst of the flat Romney marshes hunting with Mr. Walker's gallant little pack of harriers, enjoying many a gallop over the smooth grass, and many a jump over the timber, which is of considerable height in order to form secure enclosures for the cattle. Christmas Eve, 1878, found us in Malta harbour, where we had but recently arrived in the *Sunbeam*, after having for fifteen days contended with heavy gales during the passage from Constantinople.

The three following Christmas Eves were passed quietly and uneventfully; the first in our cosy little suite of rooms at the School of Art at Hastings, the next in following the East Sussex foxhounds which met at Ninfield, and the last at home

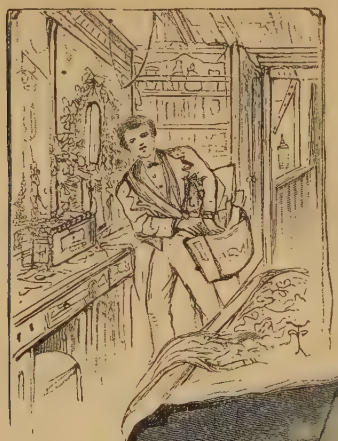
where we were quite a small family party, our only guests being two near and dear friends—Lord and Lady Reay.

Shortly after the Christmas of 1880 we commenced a voyage to the Mediterranean just at the time of the great snowstorm of January, 1881; a voyage which will always be associated in my mind with the saddest memories, owing to the serious illness, and to the death, immediately after our re-turn of my dear father. On Christmas Eve, 1882, we left Battle at 7.30 a.m., travelled by special train to Dover, and thence by mail steamer and through-train round Paris to Marseilles, where we arrived at 11.30 a.m. on the following day—liter-ally breakfasting in our own home in Sussex at seven o'clock one morning, and on board the *Sunbeam* at noon the next day.

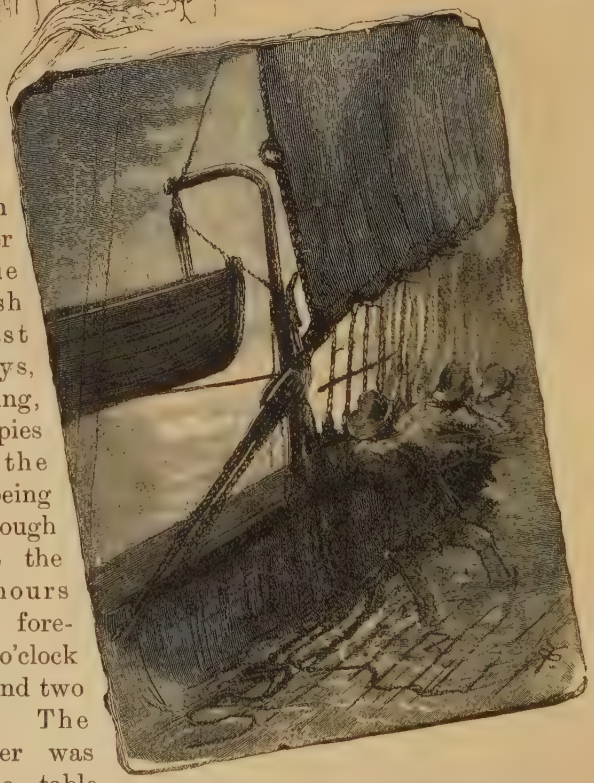
Finally, we are leaving re-gretfully the harbour of Villa Franca, the last sound which greets our ears being a ringing cheer from responded-to the bark *Un-dine*, which is waiting for her cargo of oranges, and which will shortly follow us on our homeward-bound voyage.

Tuesday December 25th.—Christmas morning broke, bright and cheerful, over the smooth surface of the broad Atlantic—more like a summer than a winter's morning. The children were up early, and evidently looked forward with keen interest to the arrival of the so-called "post-bag," which event we had

arranged should take place at 8.30. As Pratt appeared with it over his shoulder, it presented a most plethoric aspect. Manifold and interesting were its contents; all the more so, perhaps, because the various presents were of necessity "home-made," and the result of much loving thought, skilful ingenuity, and original devices, instead of having merely been bought in shops.



At ten o'clock a pleasant breeze sprang up, and we were able to put out the fires and spread our wings again.



Christmas Post Bag—Racing Along.

We had an early dinner of the true old English type — roast beef, turkeys, plum-pudding, and mince pies —exactly the same fare being served all through the ship, at the respective hours of noon in forecastle, one o'clock mess-room, and two in saloon. The saloon dinner was served on a table decorated with roses and semi-tropical plants, which surrounded a triumph of the confectioner's art in the shape of a huge cake, covered with dull snow and sparkling ice, and surmounted by a figure of Old

Father Christmas. Afterwards we inspected the pretty decorations in the forecastle and mess-room, the occupants of which portions of the vessel all looked very comfortable, reading their books and illustrated papers. The crew subsequently came to see our own decorations; and at six o'clock we had service, which was well attended, and at which some beautiful hymns were really admirably sung—particularly all Christendom's favourite, *Adeste Fideles*. After dinner various loyal and friendly toasts were proposed, beginning with "Her Majesty the Queen: God bless her." Then followed "Auld Lang Syne," and various other songs. It will be seen, therefore, that Christmas, as passed by us in the *Sunbeam*, on the broad Atlantic, was not such a dreary affair after all.

Wednesday, December 26th.—We have a strong, though perfectly fair wind, and are tearing along at the rate of ten, eleven, and twelve knots an hour. During the last three watches we have run forty, forty-two, and forty-four knots respectively, a speed which cannot fail to be accompanied by a certain amount of heaving motion, delicious and invigorating to those who are happily well enough to enjoy it.

Thursday, December 27th.—We were racing along all night; and at 2 a.m., when we were going at the rate of twelve knots, the sway and the quivering of the vessel quite woke me up. After vainly trying to go to sleep again, I settled myself to write and make up some of my past arrears of work. The afternoon was simply lovely; I cannot imagine more delightful weather for sailing: the wind being just enough on one side to keep us steady, and enough aft to prevent our lying over too much. It was really quite the poetry of motion, and the perfection of yachting. If only I had been well, how much I should have enjoyed it! Even as it was, I could not help appreciating the easiness of the *Sunbeam's* paces.

Friday, December 28th.—We have come very nearly a thousand miles during the last four days, and almost find it difficult to believe that we are on the Atlantic in mid-winter. At noon the sky was too much overcast to make it possible to take any observations; but we had run 223 miles by dead reckoning. The Doctor delivered his last ambulance lecture, and also gave out some examination papers. I fear that, although the men have derived a great deal of useful knowledge from the lectures, they are too shy to put it to the test of an examination. At 3 p.m. we hauled down the topmast staysail, and soon after

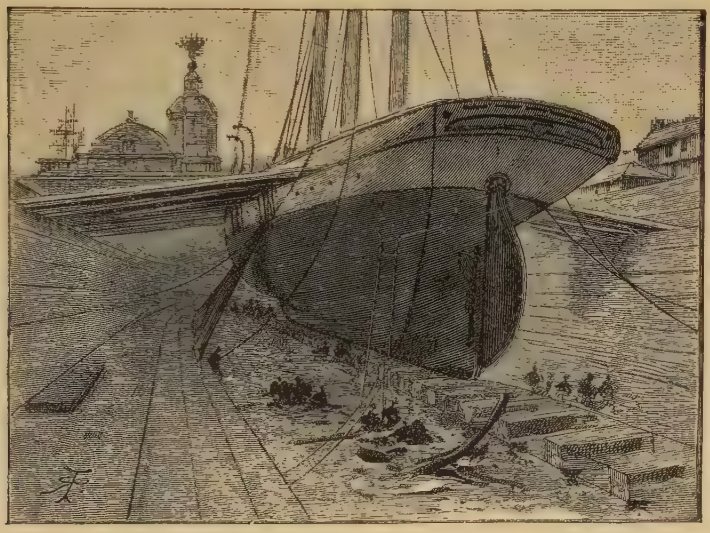
took in the squaresail, and fore-staysail. The wind had shifted a little, and Tom wished to try some experiments with Sir William Thomson's Sounding Machine, a beautiful instrument, invented for the purpose of obtaining soundings from a ship running at full-speed, in water of any depth, not exceeding 100 or 150 fathoms. The machine is provided with a glass tube, connected with a sinker, closed at the top, and coated inside with chromate of silver. The increased pressure at greater depths drives the water up the tube, and its action leaves a white mark, the position of which, by reference to a scale, indicates the depth to which the machine has descended.

Sunday, December 30th.—About 8 a.m. we passed the Eddystone; but I confess that I did not see it, although some of the men declared that they did, dimly looming through the fog. Off Rame Head we went through a large fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and sent the dinghy off to one of them to get some fresh fish for luncheon. Before one o'clock we had passed through Plymouth Sound, and under the beautiful hanging woods of Mount Edgcumbe, and were safely moored to a buoy in the Hamoaze, between Devonshire and Cornwall, and under the guns of the *Royal Adelaide* and the *Impregnable*. We had many visitors during the afternoon, including Admiral Sir Houstan and Lady Stewart, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and Admiral Hillyar, who were all interested in our voyage, and especially in our rapid passage of five days twelve hours from Villa Franca in the Azores to the Lizard.

I have on so many previous occasions expressed regret at the termination of happy voyages in the *Sunbeam*, and thankfulness to the merciful Providence which has watched over us and guided us through storms, dangers, and difficulties by land and by sea, that I now find considerable difficulty in setting forth the same feeling in a different form of words. In the present instance, however, I feel that we have special reason for gratitude. The examination which the *Sunbeam* has undergone since our return home proves conclusively that we had indeed just cause for anxiety when we were hove-to in the cyclone between the Bahamas and the Bermudas; for that which we then only feared might be the case has since proved to be a startling reality. The yacht having been placed in dry-dock, it was found that a portion of the stern-post, from which the rudder hangs, was so rotten that the wood crumbled like dust in the fingers when touched. It is, therefore, indeed fortunate that no serious calamity happened to us when we were exposed

to the strain and fury of the cyclone; for had the weakened rudder actually given way, we should in all probability have been instantaneously overwhelmed.

Those of my readers who may have made previous acquaintance with the *Sunbeam* will perhaps be interested to see the accompanying representation of her as I last beheld her in dry-dock; her hull entirely reconstructed of teak, two of her topmasts removed, prior to being replaced by new ones, and



AT REST.—THE "SUNBEAM" IN DRY DOCK.

minus her decks; so that all that remained of the old original *Sunbeam* was her iron framework, which, humanly speaking, might reasonably be expected to last for ever.

But although, when completed, she will in many respects be practically a new vessel, her frame will still contain all the old associations; and I shall ever entertain for her the same warm affection which I have cherished from the first; while the confidence of her sea-going qualities, which has so often made me feel that

> Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
> I lay me down in peace to sleep,

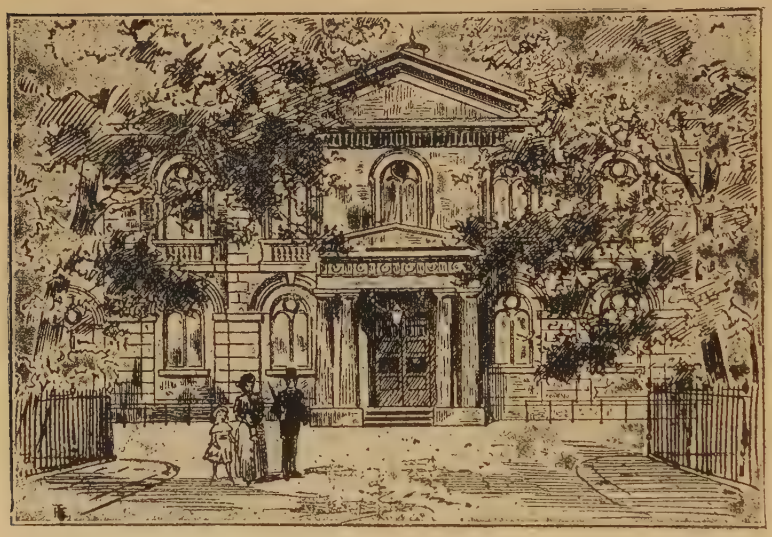
will suffer no diminution.

It now but remains for me to thank for their forbearance those who have followed me to the end, and to wish my readers a kind FAREWELL.

THE END.

MEMORIALS OF EARLY METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.



City Road Chapel.

The beginnings of empire, the origin of any important institution, the birthplace of any great movement or great man, will ever engage the profoundest attention of the human mind. Hence men visit with eager interest the cradle-lands of the race, they contemplate with patriotic pride the field of Runnimede, they make long pilgrimages to the humble cottage in which the bard of Avon or the bard of Ayr was born. With not less reverent feelings should we visit the cradle of the most remarkable religious movement of modern times.

The first home of Methodism was indeed very humble, suggesting analogies with the lowly beginnings of Christianity itself—the manger of Bethlehem and the cottage home of Nazareth. When the Wesleys and Whitefield by ecclesiastical intolerance were excluded from the churches, they took to preaching on moors and commons, and at markets and fairs. Bad weather, and the need of more comfortable accommodation, led them to seek some place of shelter for their services. In 1739 John Wesley was urged to secure the Old Foundry

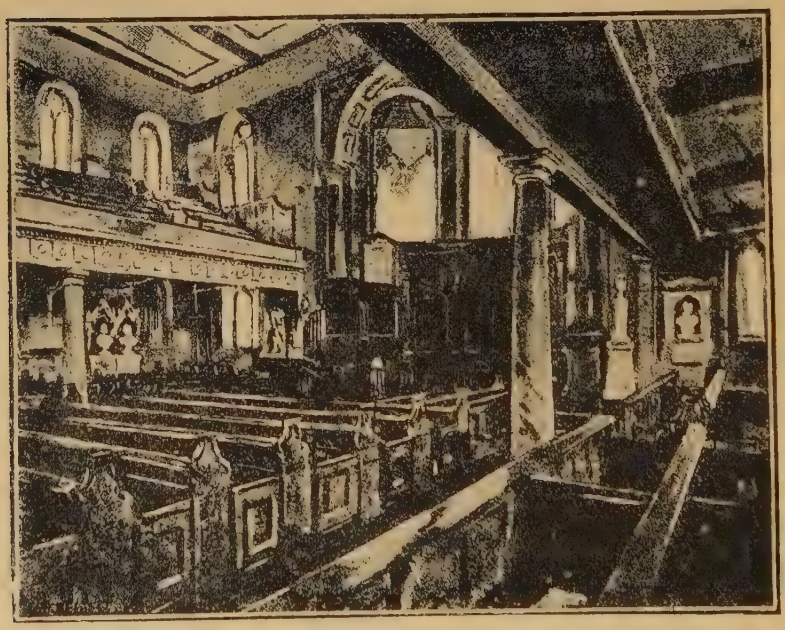
Moorfields, London, as a place of worship. This was a large, rambling pile of buildings, near the present site of City Road Chapel. It had been used by the Government for casting brass ordnance. Many cannon, captured from the French in Marlborough's wars, were here recast. One day, as a large quantity of molten metal was run into the moulds, the moisture in the sand was suddenly converted into steam and a violent explosion took place; the building was shattered and partly disroofed, and several persons were killed. The royal foundry was removed to Woolwich, and the shattered building was left for some years unoccupied and going to decay. Wesley's only regular income was £28 a year, from his Oxford fellowship. The sum required for the purchase of the Foundry was £115. But full of faith he assumed the debt, and, some friends coming to his aid, nearly £700 was expended in fitting it up for worship. Instead of the clang of anvils and roar of furnaces employed in the manufacture of the deadly enginery of war, its walls were to echo the holy hymns and the glad evangel of the gospel of peace.

The following description of the building, is from *Tyerman's Wesley*:—"There were two front doors, one leading to the chapel, and the other to the preacher's house and school-room. A bell was hung in a plain belfry, and was rung every morning at five for early service, and every evening at nine for family worship, as well as at other times. The chapel which would accommodate about fifteen hundred people, was without pews; but in front of the pulpit were about a dozen seats with back rails for female worshippers. The front gallery was used exclusively by females and the side gallery by males." On this separation of the sexes Mr. Wesley insisted in all his early churches. Above the smoke-begrimed rafters could be seen the tile roof. A few rough deal boards formed the temporary pulpit.

Part of the building was fitted up with desks for a school. Here, for seven years, Silas Told taught a number of charity children from six in the morning till five in the evening, for the salary of ten shillings a week. Part was also fitted up as a book-room for the sale of Mr. Wesley's publications. A dispensary and alms-house for the poor was also part of the establishment, where, in 1748, were nine widows, one blind woman and two poor children. "I might add," says Wesley, "four or five preachers, for I myself, as well as the other preachers who are in town diet with the poor, on the same food and at the

same table; and we rejoice therein, as a comfortable earnest of our eating bread together in our Father's kingdom." A savings bank and loan fund were also established.

High up, near the roof, were apartments for Mr. Wesley, in which his mother died. There was also accommodation for the assistant preachers and for domestics. Not a stone of the old building now remains, but the old pulpit is preserved at Richmond College, and is used by the students every week. Some of the old seats are in City Road Chapel, and the bell and chandelier are in use in other chapels. To this rude and



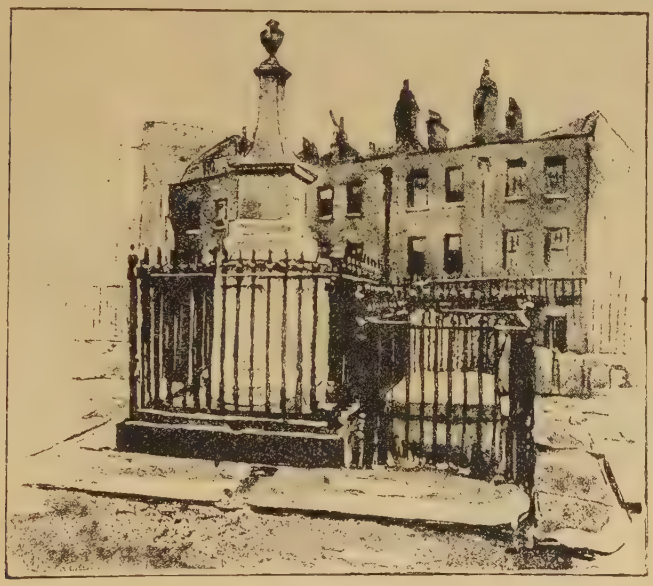
Interior of City Road Chapel.

ruinous structure, in the dark London mornings and evenings, multitudes of God-fearing Methodists wended their way by the dim light of their candle or oil lanterns, over the ill-paved streets, to the early morning or evening services; and here multitudes of souls were converted to God. The Foundry Society numbered, in 1743, no less than 2,200 members, meeting in sixty-six classes, having grown in two years from 426 members.

As the old Foundry was about to be demolished by the Government, who resumed possession, it was necessary to find a new home for the Methodism of London. In 1776, therefore,

Mr. Wesley made an appeal to the societies for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000 for the proposed "New Chapel." The following year the corner-stone was laid, and, standing upon it, Mr. Wesley preached, amid showers of rain, a sermon on the text, "What hath God wrought!" How much more gloriously is that Scripture true after a century's progress! The "New Chapel" was situated near the Foundry, in what was then open fields, but is now a wilderness of brick and stone.

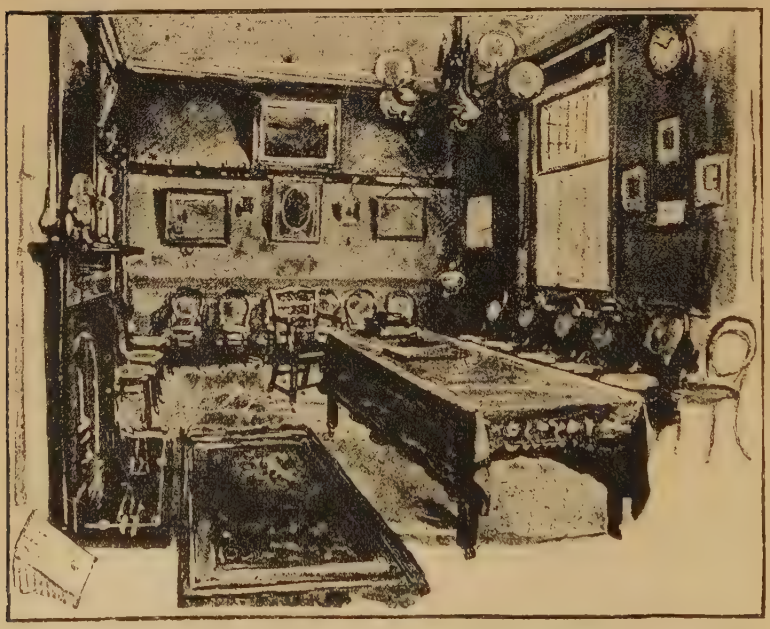
The building is a large, plain, and nearly square structure, without much attempt at architectural display. We find no



JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB.

statement of its dimensions, but we read of 1,800 persons being present at a covenant service. The appearance of the interior is much more imposing than that of the outside. Handsome galleries, with an entablature and frieze, are supported by Doric columns. The ceiling has a large centre-piece and ornaments of stucco. The pulpit is a high enclosed structure, with a reading-desk beneath, standing in front of a recess in the rear. On one occasion Charles Wesley was preaching with great animation, and Dr. Coke sat in the reading-desk below. During the service the little Doctor was astonished by the descent of the pulpit hymn-book on his head. Soon after, look-

ing, he observed the ponderous Bible about to follow. Springing up, he caught it in his arms, while the preacher, unconscious of the *contretemps*, rushed on in his strain of impassioned eloquence. On the walls all around are numerous marble tablets in memory of the distinguished preachers who have ministered within these walls,—among others John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Bunting, Newton, and many others.



Room in John Wesley's House.

In the grave-yard without, slumber the remains of the founder of Methodism, of his venerable mother, of Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, and of many another whose life and labours were devoted to the glory of God in the service of Methodism. In Bunhill Fields burying-ground, just opposite, sleeps the dust of the glorious dreamer, John Bunyan. Charles Wesley preached in City Road Chapel nearly every Sunday for ten years, but his Churchly notions made him request to be buried in the parish church of Marylebone. John Wesley regrets that the remains of his brother should not be deposited where his own should lie. "Certainly," he writes, "that ground is as holy as any in England." Ay, truly. From all parts of Chris-

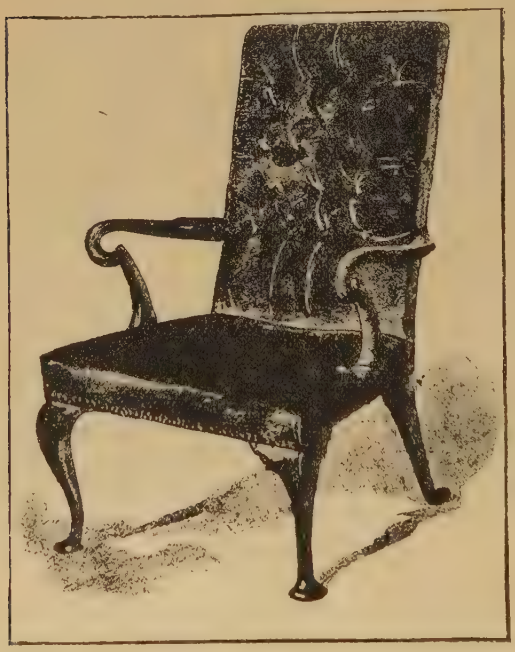
tendom come pilgrims to visit that sacred spot. Beside the tomb of John Wesley grows an elder tree, clippings from which have been transplanted to almost every part of the world—an emblem of the Church which he planted, which has taken root and brought forth its blessed fruit in every clime.

In this venerable mother-church of Methodism, for many years, service was held as at the Foundry, at five o'clock in the morning, and we have records of large congregations assembling on Christmas-day at four o'clock, and again at ten.

Room in which John Wesley Died.

On the death of John Wesley, his body lay "in state" in the Chapel, and was visited, it was estimated, by ten thousand persons. His face wore in death a heavenly smile, and very many were almost overwhelmed with grief. The funeral took place at five o'clock in the morning, March 9th, 1791, and, early as was the hour, many hundreds were present, to each of whom was given, probably as a thoughtful provision because they had not breakfasted, a biscuit in an envelope, on which was printed an engraved portrait of the deceased. The funeral was very modest and unostentatious. "I particularly desire," he wrote, "that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those that loved me and are following me to Abraham's bosom." Six poor men, he directed, should bear him to his tomb.

In connection with City Road Chapel was the preacher's house in which, in a small room, used as bedroom and study, John Wesley died. For well nigh a hundred years it has been occupied by his successors, and the same plain and simple furniture—chair, table, and desk—that he used, are still to be seen. An interesting relic is the account book of the circuit stewards. Many of the items are very curious, and illustrate the minute details and homeliness of the domestic economy. Among other items we notice, "Coach hire for Mr. Wesley, 2s. 6d.;" "chain for dog, and halters, 3s. 6d.;" "a pail, 1s.;" "for shaving the preachers, £2 10s. 6d.;" "Mr. Charles Wesley's horse quarterage, £6 15s.;" "bad copper and silver, £1 19s.;" "repairing traces of Mr. Wesley's horses, 3s. 6d.;" "clock (for chapel), £8 5s. 6d.;" "cleaning clock, 6s." The amount for "candles for chapel" is a very serious charge. Among other items are, "Mr. Wesley's salary, £30." And we note the statement that the allowances of his preachers had been raised from three to four guineas a quarter.



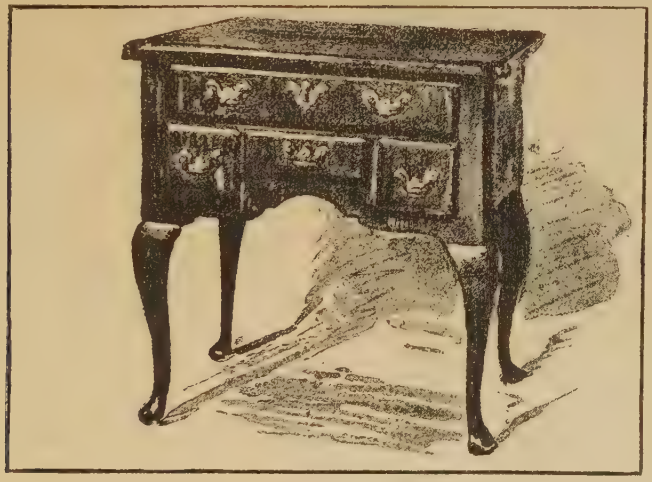
John Wesley's Chair.

It seems to bring one nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers preached; to sit in Wesley's chair; to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books; the very time-worn desk at which he sat; and then to stand by the grave in which he is buried. In the old parsonage I saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one

side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other, the words "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc.

That genial tourist, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., thus describes his visit to this historic cradle of Methodism:

"City Road Chapel is a very simple and unpretending structure, and since the fire, has been restored just as it was when first erected. My heart was stirred to see upon the walls the monumental busts of the hero-fathers of the Church—John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Coke, Benson, Clarke, Bunting, Newton, Jackson, and a score of other sacred and

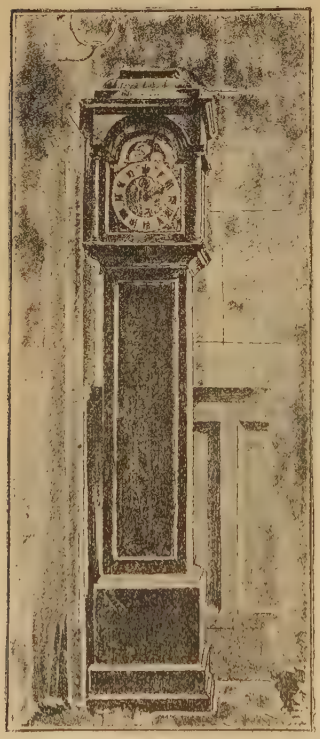


John Wesley's Table.

familiar names; and to stand in the pulpit from which they preached that Gospel which quickened all England into spiritual life. We entered Mr. Wesley's house and stood in the library where he studied, and in the room where calmly he breathed out his soul into his Redeemer's hands. Then we went into the burial ground and stood by his tomb.

"In the graveyard of the City Road sleep five thousand dead. They were the early followers and converts of John Wesley. The associations with this place may well touch the hearts of all who revere his teachings, for within its narrow precincts lies the kind reformer, surrounded by many who loved him and whom he loved, by his preachers and assistants, his scholars and teachers, the babes he fondled and the grown men and

women whom he cheered and guided, the leaders of his classes, the youths he instructed, the noble women who increased and dispensed his charities, the families over which he watched with a father's care, and the devoted followers who, when he was no more, lived and died with his name ever on their lips. The graveyard is now closed, and the five thousand rest apart forever. It is not necessary to invoke peace to their ashes, for peace they have attained. They rest well from their labours, and from the graves the voice of love breathes gently over their race. Sweet are the memories of patience and endurance, of joyous hope and calm assurance, of lives given up to the welfare of others, and of hearts that were never cold to human woe, that cluster about this cemetery; and, of whatever sect or creed, he who would learn how to live and how to die would do well to stand reverently before the consecrated tomb where John Wesley sleeps amidst his followers.



John Wesley's Clock.

"On a memorable day, December 19th, 1870, one of its finest monuments was uncovered at noon to the inspection of the public. A fair white shaft of Sicilian marble had been erected, chiefly at the expense of the daughters and mothers of Methodism, to the memory of one who had slept for more than a century in a tomb not far away. The December weather was cold, the services short, yet it was with no common interest that the faithful band heard related anew the virtuous deeds of Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys. From her lips her sons had learned the elements of the faith they preached so earnestly; from her example they had imbibed order, economy, unselfishness, and a contempt for all that might clog the progress of the spiritual nature. She had broken through the

formalism of the Church services, to teach and reform the poor, when John and Charles Wesley were climbing at her knee. But for her rigorous devotion to duty before pleasure, and in contempt of gain, Methodism would have wanted its crowning excellence, and might have sunk into feeble conformity. She had animated and even forced John Wesley into bold and unaccustomed efforts to begin the career of reform. The fair white marble was not more pure than her spotless life, and the monument of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, raised in the moment of the unbounded prosperity of the cause she had loved, might well recall the simple virtues and the unselfish deeds of those among whom she had laboured and died.

"Not far off lies her devoted son. In the graveyard behind the chapel, in the centre of the ground, and shaded by an elder tree, from which cuttings have been transplanted to many lands, a plain tomb, enclosed by an iron railing, marks the vault where his sarcophagus was reverently laid. The morning was dark. It was at that early hour which he seems ever to have loved. Torches and lanterns glimmered around the tomb, a multitude of his followers assembled in the early dawn, and with a burst of tears consecrated his grave. One solemn wail of sobs and weeping swept over the people, and the gray light of morning seldom broke on a more touching scene. It was March, 1791. Four months afterwards, his sister Patty was placed at his side. She had outlived all her brothers and sisters, and at eighty-five closed the career of the children of Susannah Wesley. Near by rest the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism."

Be present at our Table Lord.
Be here and everywhere adored
These creatures bless & grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

John Wesley's Teapot.

DEBORAH HEPPLETHWAITE'S REVENGE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

"VERY well, Simon Wardle, very well. You're a high and mighty kind of man, no doubt, but two can play at that game, my man. I'll make it hot for you; aye, as sure as my name's Abel Hepplethwaite."

"What now, Abel? What has the Squire been doing *this* time to vex you like that?"

"Doing? He's always doing. *This* time? it's every time. He's been as cantankerous as a bear ever since he bought the Hazel Carrs' estate. A pretty 'squire' *he* is! A mushroom squire, I say; nay, he's naught but a toadstool. He's neither use nor ornament, and nasty enough to poison a neighbourhood. But he's put his foot in it this time, the scoundrel. I'll warm him, I'll ——"

Here Abel Hepplethwaite's temper fairly got the upper hand of him. He dared not use stronger language in the presence of his wife, so he jumped up from his chair, flung the offending and offensive letter on the table, and began to pace the floor with such emphatic tread that he might have thought the crusty and pugnacious Squire was laid prostrate beneath his stout and serviceable boots. If he *had* been, his pugnacity would have been quenched for evermore.

Abel Hepplethwaite had a long and bushy beard, and he found another outlet for the fervour of his feelings in chewing the ends of the hairs thereof, which he kept forcing into his mouth for that purpose. I am of opinion it is worth while to grow a beard for this one use alone, especially if the temper has a habit of running high, for, depend upon it, the kind of vigour which Abel Hepplethwaite was then displaying is most valuable, or let us say, least harmless when strictly reserved for home consumption.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hepplethwaite—"Deb," her husband called her, possibly because Deborah was too long for his ardent spirit and impatient tongue, but probably because it was more homely and less formal, more genial and less stately than the three-syllabled name of the vigorous Jewess who made things so uncomfortable for Sisera and his host—Mrs. Hepplethwaite, I say, quietly and silently put another letter which she had just received into her pocket, and took up the missive which had so disturbed her husband's soul.

It certainly was an uncourteous and ill-mannered communica-

tion, and showed full clearly that the new Squire of Hazel Carrs was a cross-grained man. It ran as follows:—

Hazel Carrs, Oct. 30, 1875.

Sir,—I have told you before that you have no right of way through the Lower Carrs. Your cart, which was left within my gates while your horses were taken to be shod, is now turned upside down in the chalk-pit. If I permit you to fetch it out, it must be with the full understanding that, if it passes that way again, cart, horses, and man will share the same fate.

(Signed) SIMON WARDLE.

For a few moments Mrs. Hepplethwaite felt her own pulse beating quicker and her cheeks glowing warmer than usual, and a very uncomplimentary expression crept as far outward as the tip of her tongue. At that point, however, it came to an untimely, or shall I say timely, end.

Let me introduce you, dear reader, to Deborah Hepplethwaite, and then you shall judge for yourself whether the strong feeling she, for the instant, showed was likely to have any lengthy lease of life. Draw, if you please, a mental portrait of a moderately stout, winsome-looking woman of about forty years of age; her brown hair smoothed from the middle of her forehead and tucked away in very quiet fashion beneath a tasteful little cap which proclaimed the mother and the matron, but at the same time was quite in keeping with the younger stages of that truly honourable state; a pair of honest grey eyes which wore ever a kindly gleam; cheeks plump and even rosy, with never a wrinkle made either by time's sharp fingers, the thorn of care, or by that worst wrinkler of all, the scarifying barb of ill-temper or discontent. Sunny, smiling, pleasant, and placid, what had Deborah Hepplethwaite to do either with wrinkles or such quickened pulses as owe their origin to wrath?

Some years agone, Abel Hepplethwaite, then the victim of a mysterious disease, had lain for long an almost hopeless patient in the Hull Infirmary. There, Deborah Custance, one of those perfect nurses who are "born, not made," had won him back, after the surgeon's knife had made it possible, from the very grasp of death to strong and vigorous life: and won also, though all unwitting, the heart of the staunch yeoman, who robbed the House of Healing of one of its truest treasures, and made her mistress of the farm at Hazel Grange. When the senior physician, Dr. Gregory, presented her with a handsome testimonial on her departure, he jocularly said to her fortunate husband that it would have been a wondrous gain to the hospital if his disease had "taken another turn!"

"Well, Deb, can't you speak?" said Abel Hepplethwaite, arresting his vindictive march across his prostrate foe, but still showing in his face the red flag that always betokens the danger

of collision and catastrophe when men and things get "off the line." "Isn't he a scurvy scamp? Confound him! But he's put his foot into it this time. I'll have the law on him. I'll show him that I can be as ugly as he is. I'll make it hot for him. I'll ——"

What else he was going to do must remain a mystery, for Deborah's reply fairly startled him into quiet.

"Yes, Abel. I agree with you. This kind of thing can be borne no longer. I *would* make it hot for him; indeed, I'm willing to help you myself."

Here she seized the tongs and stirred up the big log fire which lay on the old-fashioned hearth with a vigour which made the sparks to fly by thousands.

"The man's as hard as iron," she continued, "and grows as rusty. I'll help you, Abel. We'll warm his jacket for him."

And all this was accompanied by a continuous stirring of the faggots, so that they hissed and sputtered and crackled as if they too were fellow-conspirators against the well-being of the common foe.

Abel Hepplethwaite could hardly believe his eyes and ears. He had always hitherto found his placid helpmeet an effective drag on his projects of revenge. She was always pouring oil on troubled waters; and now here she was breathing out threatenings and slaughter at a rate and in a fashion that left him leagues behind!

He was determined, therefore, to strike while the iron was hot.

"Ha, ha, ha! Talk about calling him over the coals," said he, "we'll call the coals over *him*, eh, Deb. I'll take that letter to Lawyer Atherley at once. He'll teach my lord ——"

"O, the wicked man," chimed in Deborah; but whether she meant the lawyer or the Squire, who shall say? Seizing the letter, she turned to punish the fire a third time. She lunged at the blazing logs as though she had got Squire Wardle among them, and meant to send his ashes in individual sparkles through the chimney into infinite space. By some means or other the letter fell into the flames.

"Hi, Deb! the letter," cried Abel, rushing forward to the resue. But it was too late; the letter had shared the fate to which the angry pair had doomed its author. They had "made it hot" for the letter at any rate.

There was a loud knock at the door, and instantly there entered Dr. Lidyard, the local medico, who greeted them in free-and-easy fashion, and sat down as one perfectly at home. And with good reason; for was not the clever, gentle, and genial ex-nurse his "right hand man," however paradoxical it reads; and was she not always willing to act the angel of mercy in the homes of the sick and poor? Deborah Hepplethwaite blushed an honest crimson at the sight of him, and involun-

tarily placed her hand upon the pocket in which *her* letter lay concealed.

"Did you get my letter, Mrs. Hepplethwaite?" said the doctor. "I've brought my dog-cart to fetch you and you must go back with me."

"Letter! What letter? Go back. Where to?" said the wondering Abel.

"Oh, I didn't tell you, Abel. I got a note from the doctor this morning," said Mrs. Hepplethwaite, "asking me to go with him to a poor girl down at the village. She is about to undergo an operation *very similar to yours.* And of course I'm glad to help, poor dear."

"Poor thing!" said Abel, whose heart was tender enough at the core, and where the Squire was not concerned. "Of course you'll go. Who is it, doctor?"

The doctor received a meaning glance from Deborah as she left the kitchen. Putting that and her blushes and that indefinate "poor girl down in the village" together, he replied:

"O, you won't know her, she has only lately come here. I should not wonder if Mrs. Hepplethwaite doesn't return until to-morrow. It's a serious case, and just at this crisis your matchless wife will be worth her weight in gold."

In her chamber Mrs. Hepplethwaite donned her bonnet and shawl, knelt by her bed with her head bowed between her hands a few brief moments, and then was speedily driven away on an errand of mercy to the "poor girl" who was in very sore straits indeed. In the middle of the village stood the sculptured gates of the mansion of Hazel Carrs, the abode of Squire Wardle, who had lately purchased the estate, in the middle of which Abel Hepplethwaite's own freehold farm was located. Through the gates and through the park, and along the carriage-sweep, the doctor and his companion passed, until they reached the stately portals of the hall.

A few moments more and they were ushered into a darkened chamber. On the bed lay sweet Maud Wardle, the Squire's only daughter, nigh unto death, but with one slender, almost noteless, chance of life. By her side sat the white-haired Dr. Gregory, the celebrated physician, who knew and valued Deborah in the olden time, and who looked his glad satisfaction at her presence there.

In winsome wise, while the men of skill were making their preparations in a neighbouring room, Deborah conversed with the youthful invalid, comforting her alike by apt words, sunny movements, and deft fingers. Maud felt herself lifted into an atmosphere of calm. The very tones of the voluntary nurse had a soothing influence.

"Now, then, my dear, all is ready, she said; but, before the doctors come, will you let me pray for you? The Saviour who

healed the sick and comforted sore hearts when He dwelt on earth is a Healer and a Helper and a Saviour still."

"O, I wish you would," said Maud, clasping her thin, white hands. "I've felt to want that all the time."

Deborah Hepplethwaite knew how to talk with God. Many a fainting, feeble one had felt the power of her calm, soft, spiritual petitioning as she knelt by the bed of sickness or of death. She prayed, and every now and then a little sob from the darkened pillow told that the young sufferer was praying for herself.

Then the doctors came in, and for an awesome space the house was still; still as death, for life, precious life, hung trembling in a balance that a breath might sway. In his library down below sat Simon Wardle, with his head bowed upon his hands and his heart pressed almost to suffocation with a burden that naught could lift. A hard man, a wrathful man, and selfish withal was Squire Wardle; but he loved his child, the latest gift of her dead mother, and would have given his gold by thousands to bring to flood again the ebbing tide of her precious life. By-and-bye came down the doctors.

"Is it over?" said the Squire, still with bowed head, not daring to scan their faces.

"It is over."

"Is there hope?"

"There is hope," replied Dr. Gregory. "It depends now solely upon heaven and the nurse. Thank God, sir, that Deborah Custance is with her, the queen of nurses and the most Christian of women."

Dr. Gregory had called his favourite by her maiden name, and Squire Wardle mentally resolved to make "Deborah Custance" a grateful and bountiful return.

Slowly the evening darkened into night; slowly the night hours passed; slowly as on leaden pinions came the dawn; and all the while Deborah Hepplethwaite stood bending over the all but inanimate form of sweet Maud Wardle, applying refreshment with a feather, lightly sponging her face, gently tending her, skilfully following her instructions. Every little while Dr. Gregory stepped with stockinged feet into the silent room, looked wistfully at the living shadow, and then whispering, "Courage, Miss Custance, there's life and hope," retired to snatch a little more repose. With the dawn came a stronger wave of strength and consciousness. The doctors held a consultation. "All is well," was their verdict. "All is well," they whispered to the weary but still faithful nurse. "All is well, thanks to God and you." To Hull went Dr. Gregory; on his rounds for a brief hour went Dr. Lidyard; still and fearful in the library, as if to stir would break the healing charm, sat Simon Wardle; but by the bedside stood the unflinching Deborah, her big heart full of tender anxiety for her sweet young

charge, and praying as she tended, and succeeding well in both. As the morning wore away, Maud pressed the hand which had held hers through all the live-long night.

"What is it, dear?" said Deborah, and bent her ear to hear.

"*Pray*, dear, dear friend; and let me hear you."

In whispers scarcely audible, but with a power which held the Deity a listener, Deborah Hepplethwaite prayed. Again her hand was pressed. Again she listened.

"Jesus, my Saviour! living or dying, *mine!*"

Then Deborah Hepplethwaite knew that her mission was accomplished, and that sweet Maud Wardle, body and soul, would live and not die.

Other help might now relieve her for a little while. She wished to go to the Grange. On the stairs she met the Squire. She had only seen him once before; but the change in his appearance, his heavy sunken eye, the lines around his mouth, his alarmed look at her, as if he thought she was coming to tell him of his darling's death; all this touched Deborah's tender heart to the quick. Laying her hand on his arm, she burst into tears as she said—

"Oh, Mr. Wardle, your sweet darling is saved!"

"God in heaven bless you. Mrs. Custance, for that word!" and Simon Wardle did not even seek to hide the quivering chin and starting tears that told the depth of his stifled fear.

"I am going home a little while," said she, "but I should like to speak with you a minute or two."

"Go into the library, if you please. I want to give one kiss to my sweet Maud—saved! saved! Thank God and you!"

There was a quiet smile on Deborah's lips as she awaited the coming of the Squire. She was thinking of the way in which she stirred up the faggot fire and threatened to make it "as hot" for Simon Wardle as her husband could desire. Now she was preparing the final furnace-blast and that with a will. Said the Squire on his return,

"She *is* cheerful, and she *does* love you, Mrs. Custance. What can I do to show my heart's gratitude to you?"

"My name is not Custance, sir. That was my maiden name when Dr. Gregory knew me, and before I came to Hazel Grange. Now my name is HEPPLETHWAITE!"

"Is *what?*" said the Squire, on whom the coals of fire were being showered at a tremendous rate. "Did—did—did"—you see she was "making it hot for him" with a vengeance!—"did—you—get the letter I sent you?"

"Yes, Mr. Wardle, but the same post brought the news of sweet Maud's need of me. So I tried to do as my Lord and Master would have done had they come to Him instead. The letter was put into the fire and ——"

"So am I!" said the Squire, and, by the look of his features, he was at an uncommonly high temperature. "Mrs. Hepple-

thwaite, I am heartily ashamed of myself. Will you forgive me?" And here he held out his hand in quite an abashed and shamefaced way.

"With all my heart," said Deborah. "Neither my husband nor I desire anything but your neighbourly good wishes and good will, and ——"

"What a wilful and selfish fool I am!" said Squire Wardle, and he looked as though for two pins he would box his own ears. He was hot, very hot, without question.

"I must drive you home, Mrs. Hepplethwaite: I want to see your husband."

"Thank you, sir," said Deborah highly delighted. "Then I can come back with you to Miss Maud."

The mention of his darling brought back to full flood his sense of her great kindness, and in a broken voice he proffered his hand again, and said, with very difficult utterance,

"Are you *sure* you forgive? God knows I'm sorry in my heart." Melted! thoroughly melted! And the coals are glowing and burning with a fervent heat.

Arrived at the Grange the Squire accosted his burly and bearded antagonist, Abel Hepplethwaite.

"If you can stoop to shake hands with a stupid fool who didn't know how to appreciate a good neighbour, and will let me beg your pardon, Mr. Hepplethwaite, I shall be very thankful."

If the Squire was having it made hot, I am quite of opinion that Abel Hepplethwaite felt the heat himself to an almost equal degree. He looked at the Squire; he looked at Deborah and wondered. In a moment it flashed upon him where she had been, and what she had been doing. His head dropped in presence of his noble and magnanimous wife. He understood now her by-play with the faggots on the hearth. He grasped the proffered hand of the Squire with a frank cordiality, and said,

"Mr. Wardle, my wife promised me to 'make it hot for you,' *but she can beat me hollow at kindling a fire!*"

And so there was peace, abiding peace, mutual esteem, and close friendship between the houses of Hepplethwaite and Wardle. Sweet Maud Wardle was able to accompany her father to Hazel Grange on Christmas-eve and prove herself a splendid merry-maker among Deborah's youthful group. According to ancient custom there was a tremendous yule-log on the hearth. When it got fairly ablaze the heat compelled the merry-makers to sit at a respectful distance; but Squire Wardle declared with a grateful smile, as he turned to the good and gentle matron, that it was not half so hot as he felt when she set herself to *"heap coals of fire on his head."—Methodist Recorder.*

CANADA: ITS EXTENT AND RESOURCES.

BY D. E. CAMERON, ESQ.

CANADA is, except Russia, the largest country in the world, and contains an area of 3,500,000 square miles, equal to one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe. It is larger than the island-continent of Australia, nearly as large as the whole of Europe, and exceeds in size, by 127,000 square miles, the United States of America, while, contrary to general belief, it contains as much fertile territory, and as little barren or waste land, as that marvellously progressive country. It stretches for 3,500 miles from east to west, 1,400 miles from north to south, and contains a population of nearly, if not quite, five millions.

		SQUARE MILES.
Ontario - - - -	contains an area of -	197,000
Quebec - - - -	" " -	188,000
New Brunswick -	" " -	27,000
Nova Scotia - -	" " -	21,000
P. E. Island - -	" " -	2,133
British Columbia	" " -	341,000
Manitoba and North-West Territories	" " -	2,800,000

Comparisons bring out colours. Few realize from the mere quotations of figures the enormous extent of our great country. For instance, Ontario is larger than Spain, nearly as large as France, nearly as large as the great German Empire, as large as Sweden, Denmark and Belgium, and larger than Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium and Portugal.

Quebec is as large as Norway, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland.

British Columbia is as large as France, Norway and Belgium.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are as large as Portugal and Denmark.

Ontario and Quebec are nearly as large as France, Italy, Portugal, Holland and Belgium.

Canada is forty times as large as England, Wales and Scotland combined. New South Wales contains an area of 309,175 square miles, and is larger than France, Italy and Sicily; and yet Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. British India is large enough to contain a population

of 250 millions; and yet three British Indias could be carved out of Canada, and still leave enough to make a Queensland and a Victoria. Canada is sixteen times as large as the great German Empire, with its twenty-seven provinces, and its overshadowing influence in European affairs.

The great lakes of Canada contain an area of 90,000 square miles. Lake Superior is 420 miles long, and contains an area of 32,000 square miles, or equal to the size of Ireland, and is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. Lake Huron stretches a distance of 280 miles, and covers an area of 21,000 square miles. Lake Erie embraces a circuit of 700 miles; and, descending the Niagara, the combined waters of the Upper Lakes pour over the glorious cataract of that mighty river at the rate of 18,000,000 cubic feet, or 700,000 tons a minute. Lake Ontario, the smallest of the chain, is 180 miles long, and embraces a circuit of 600 miles. These magnificent fresh-water seas, together with the majestic St. Lawrence, form an unbroken water communication for 2,140 miles.

Canada has also an ample coast line both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, while Hudson's Bay and Straits will, in all probability, shortly afford an outlet for the immense products of the great North-West.

Our fisheries are the richest in the world. The deep sea fisheries of Canada, including those of Newfoundland, yielded, in 1881, the enormous product of $20,000,000, or about double the average value of the fisheries of the United States, and nearly equal in value to the whole produce of the British European fisheries. In 1885, the fisheries of Canada alone yielded nearly $18,000,000. These fisheries, the heritage of our people, and one of the principal sources of our wealth, are worth protecting; and we will protect them against the encroachments of the United States or any other power.

Our magnificent forests are of immense value, and contain no less than sixty-nine different varieties of wood. In 1885, our exports of products of the forest amounted to $21,000,000.

Our mines, which are yet in their infancy of development, give promise of vast wealth. Coal in abundance is found in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia and the North-West Territories. Our coal areas are estimated at upwards of 100,000 square miles, not including areas known, but as yet quite undeveloped, in the far North. Already coal areas to the extent of 65,000 square miles have been discovered in the

North-West, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick contain 18,000 square miles of this important element of wealth. When it is remembered that the entire coal area of Great Britain covers only 11,900 square miles, the extent of our resources in this direction will be appreciated. Our coal areas are, in fact, the largest in the world, except those of the United States. After these in order come Russia, with 30,000 square miles, and Australia, with 25,000 square miles.

Canada has also valuable mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, copper and other metals. The gold mines of British Columbia have yielded during the past twenty-five years over $50,000,000 worth of the precious metal, while Nova Scotia has, up to the present, produced nearly $8,000,000 worth.

We have also an abundant supply of oil to throw light upon the subject, and make the whole machine run smoothly.

> "A land that's rich and free,
> In heart, in home, in hope, in liberty.
> An infant empire rising in the West,
> Rocked by three oceans to a native rest;
> A virgin soil, a freedom-loving land,
> A race that guard it with an iron hand."

Although essentially an agricultural country, it will be seen from the foregoing that Canada has the natural products and resources to make her one of the great manufacturing countries of the world.

In agriculture our possibilities are practically unlimited; and the rapidity of our development will be understood when it is stated that of the single article of cheese, which is but a young industry in our country, we exported in 1885 over 86,000,000 pounds. In the Province of Ontario alone, the capital invested in agriculture, including farm lands, farm stock and implements, amounts to the enormous sum of $1,000,000,000, as compared with $80,000,000 invested in manufactures. The overshadowing importance of agriculture as the foundation of our prosperity and the source of our wealth, will be understood from these figures.

When the present Premier, Sir John Macdonald, entered public life in 1844, Canada had but fourteen miles of railway. At Confederation, in 1867, they had increased to 2,400 miles. To-day we have upwards of 12,000 miles in operation, representing the enormous value of over $625,000,000.

The rapidity of our progress may be gathered from the fact that in 1868 we had but 8,500 miles of electric telegraph. To-day we have over 50,000 miles, besides an important and growing telephone service.

Canada is the third maritime power of the world, being exceeded only by Great Britain and the United States.

The trade of Canada is assuming highly respectable proportions, and gives further evidence of the energetic and enterprising character of our people. In 1868, the first year of Confederation, our total trade was $131,000,000. In 1883 it had grown to $230,000,000, an increase of $100,000,000, or an average of nearly $7,000,000 dollars a year.

The press of Canada has kept pace with our progress in other respects, and is an institution of which we have every reason to be proud. There are at present in Canada about 650 publications,—newspapers, magazines, etc., over seventy of which are daily newspapers. The influence for good upon the people of a pure, clean, healthy press, such as we have in Canada, can scarcely be over-estimated.

Our school system, especially in Ontario, is the finest in the world, and its good results are shown in the intelligence and progressive character of our people.

The banking capital of Canada, which may be regarded as a sort of thermometer indicating our progress commercially, was, in 1870, $30,000,000. To-day, including reserves, it amounts to $80,000,000, an increase of over 250 per cent. The notes of chartered banks in circulation amount to about $33,000,000. In 1868 the deposits by the people in the chartered and savings banks were $37,000,000. To-day they amount to no less a sum than $148,500,000, an increase of over 400 per cent. In 1868 the discounts given by the chartered banks of Canada were $50,500,000. To-day they are $165,000,000, an increase of over 300 per cent. The Bank of Montreal, a purely Canadian institution, is the largest, wealthiest, most influential and widely-extended banking corporation in the world unconnected with Government.

Our public works especially evidence the pluck, energy, and enterprise of the Canadian people. The Canadian Pacific Railway, that mighty trans-continental line, recently completed from ocean to ocean, binding the scattered parts of this vast Confederation together, is the longest railway in the world, and is the most stupendous public enterprise ever undertaken

and successfully accomplished by a country of the population of this Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway, connecting Quebec with the Maritime Provinces, covers 890 miles and cost over $40,000,000, while the Grand Trunk Railway was, until the completion of the Canadian Pacific, the longest railway in the world under one management, its total length being 3,300 miles. Great things are confidently looked for in the way of Asiatic and Australian trade by the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and when the projected line of steamers on the Pacific connecting therewith is an accomplished fact this route will doubtless become the greatest highway to the East.

Already the British Government, seeing the benefits to be derived from this route by shortening the time and distance to its Eastern possessions, has granted the C. P. R. a subsidy of £45,000 annually.

Canada has constructed seventy-three miles of canals at a cost of nearly $30,000,000.

The noble bridge that spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and named after our beloved Queen, is a triumph of engineering skill, and is considered one of the wonders of the world.

The magnificent pile of Parliament buildings at Ottawa is a monument to the good taste and the national aspirations of the Canadian people. The capital of Ontario, the Queen City of the west, is one of the most beautiful, as well as progressive, cities on the continent; while Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, for picturesque beauty of situation and general attractiveness is deservedly ranked with the most beautiful cities of the continent. The ancient city of Quebec, around which so much historic interest clusters, as having formed the nucleus of civilization on this continent, is at once one of the most strongly-fortified, as well as romantic and interesting cities of the world.

In no country is wealth so evenly distributed as in Canada. Here we have fewer very wealthy men, and less poverty than are to be found in any other land in proportion to population. Here any person who is sober and industrious can obtain the necessaries and even the comforts of life, while our unrivalled educational system affords to the poor an equal chance with the rich in the struggle for the higher positions in life.

We are deeply grateful for, as well as pardonably proud of, the high position occupied by our beloved country in regard to

the various moral questions that agitate the civilized world. In no other country is the Sabbath more sacredly observed, or the sanctity of the marriage tie more rigidly respected. In no nation has the cause of temperance made greater progress; and God grant that to Canada may belong the glorious distinction of being the first great civilized country to totally banish and prohibit the baneful and soul-destroying traffic in intoxicating liquors.

Canada has also an abundance of varied and magnificent scenery, a bracing and invigorating climate, a hardy, self-reliant, independent-spirited people, unequalled on this round world for those high, noble and manly qualities that go to constitute a great, a free, and a progressive people.

And who, with tongue or pen, shall attempt to describe the beauties or enumerate the charms of the gentle sex of our fair Dominion? As well attempt "to paint the lily or to gild refined gold." I therefore refrain.

"Let others talk of Albion's fame,
Or Scotia's prowess praise,
Let others chant Hibernia's name,
Or swell the 'Marsèllaise';
A mightier land 'tis ours to boast,
A land more vast, more free;
From ocean coast to ocean coast,
Bound only by the sea!

Fair Canada, our native land,
Our hopes are fixed on thee;
We're working out with heart and hand
Thy glorious destiny.

"In thee unite two nations strong,
Four peoples most renowned;
The rose and thistle here belong,
The shamrock's with them found;
While France's lilies, pure and white,
Quebec's proud temples wreathe—
But best and grandest in our sight
Stands out the Maple Leaf.

"Should ever danger threaten thee
From rash invading foe,
Should dastard traitor's hand e'er be
Upraised to work thee woe,
Thy sons would rise, from where the sun
Gilds Nova Scotia's shore
To where Columbia's rivers run—
And save their land once more.

"Ontario's sons—a noble band—
Quebec's—no aliens they—
New Brunswick's and Prince Edward Isle's,
To thee all honour pay.
From Manitoba's prairies free,
From our North-West domain,
The home of millions yet to be,
We hear the same refrain."

I trust the increased interest which has been displayed of late years in the study of our country's history, and the investigation of her immense resources and glorious possibilities, may continue, and that the result may be the development of a strong, vigorous and healthy national sentiment. Should this article prove any stimulus in this direction its purpose shall have been attained.

LUCKNOW, Ont.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver mantled plains!

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

On the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
Peace to the earth—Good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XIII.—A QUESTION OF DUTY.

HAPPINESS, like sunshine, cannot be hid. As Jonathan went through his mill that day he carried the atmosphere with him. His face had the old open, straightforward look; his manner that auspicious, kindly imperativeness which so well became him. In the upper room the one frame his eye instantly sought was empty. Sarah was absent, and he had a minute's keen disappointment. He meant to have stopped at her loom, and said, at least, "All the trouble is over, Sarah." It was also so very unusual to find her absent that his heart felt afraid, and he went back to his office and waited anxiously and impatiently for Ben's return.

Ben came in about an hour. He had that uncomfortable habit of taking great events in a way so cool and slow as to be absolutely provoking and irritating to quicker natures He took off his coat and vest and began quietly to put on his big pinafore, apparently quite unconscious of Jonathan's impatience.

"Well?" asked Jonathan, with a touch of temper, "Why doesn't ta say something? Did ta see Sykes?"

"Ay, I saw him."

"Well?"

"Nay, it wasn't well. It was varry far from well. He called me ivery foul name he could think of, and he can think of a good many; he can that."

"What did ta say then?"

"Why-a! I told him that he couldn't call me owt worse than I hed called mysen many a time; but, says I, 'Let me alone, Sykes, and look after thy own concerns a bit. For, we hev come to t' conclusion not to hev thee here another day! Thou turns out nobbut t' poorest kind of stuff, and trade is badly spoiled in this part o' t' country wi' thy poor work."

"Did ta say that? I'm glad thou said it! I *am* pleased! Good for thee, Ben—good for thee!" and Burley knocked the table emphatically with his closed fist.

"I don't think much o' mysen for saying it. It isn't more than half true. Some o' Sykes' merinos are fair enough; but I knew it would make him madder than aught else I could say, and I didn't stop to be particular. I hedn't time just then; but I hevn't felt quite comfortable since."

"What for, I'd like to know?"

"Why, ta sees, I hev another Master besides thee. And happen I hevn't pleased Him as well as I hev pleased thee. A man cannot serve two masters—God and—"

"Wait a bit, Ben; don't call me Mammon. I sent thee to Sykes because I was feared I'd say too much. Now, I'm feared thou hesn't said enough. If ta hed told him that he was a mean, contemptible rascal, and reminded him that such ways as his don't pay in t' long run, thou would hev done no more than thy duty. And I don't think much o' thee for not doing it. I didn't want thee to give railing for railing; but let me tell thee, when thy Master found t' opportunity to tell t' Scribes and Pharisees what He thought they were, He didn't lose it. I'm sorry I left Sykes to thee, now!"

"Nay, thou needn't be. I gave him some varry plain Saxon. If ta had waited a minute, I was going to tell thee. Ben Holden isn't a man to lose any opportunity. I hed my say, Jonathan. I hev a few words I keep for such occasions, and I let Sykes hev 'em."

"Wasn't he fair capp'd at t' turn round?"

"I don't think he was. He said he knew he'd hev to go, iver since he saw owd Jonas Shuttleworth poking around here. He said Jonas Shuttleworth and t' devil were t' varry same thing."

"My word! It's well Shuttleworth didn't hear him."

"I said, 'In that case, t' devil himsen weren't half as bad as some o' his servants were.' 'Meaning me?' asked Sykes, in a passion; and I answered, 'Thou knows whose wages thou takes.' Then Newby put thy seal on all and everything, and gave orders for t' mill to stop at noon."

"Well, what does ta look so down in t' mouth for? One would think it was our mill that was to stop at noon, Ben, from t' way thou takes it."

"Nay, I don't know. But I'll tell thee one thing, Jonathan—revenge isn't half such a sweet morsel as it is said to be. There's many sins far more tempting, I should say."

"Thou knows little about it, then; and a just retribution isn't revenge, and thou oughtn't to speak in that way, and take t' varry sweetness out of it. There's no sin in a good man rejoicing in t' overthrow of t' wicked; but we'll change t' subject if it's so unpleasant to thee. I see Sarah Benson's loom is idle. Does ta know what's matter now?"

"Joyce is sick again."

"I think thou might hev dropped in and seen if ta could help them, anyway."

"Mebbe thou hesn't got all ta stock of human kindness there is in t' world! I did drop in, and I hev paid Sarah her full wage every Saturday since Steve's trouble, whether she earned it or not. I thought if ta didn't like it I could spare t' few shillings mysen."

"Thou knew right well I'd like it. But thou art as cross as two sticks, Ben, this morning. If ta doesn't get married soon thou wilt spoil on my hands. I hev seen the day when this morning's work would hev suited thee to a T."

Then Ben put his hand on Jonathan's shoulder, and said, "It does suit me. I am as glad as can be." And the two men looked at each other a minute in silence, and then parted with a smile full of assurance and content.

That day Jonathan had a great deal to do, but he could not do it. "T' work isn't quite ready for me yet," he said to Ben, and that was true enough. Aske was unable to consult with lawyers and business men about many things which could hardly be transferred and put into fresh working order without his assistance. Jonas Shuttleworth would also have to be seen again, and Jonathan felt that to gratitude he would be compelled to add both patience and prudence. Still, he was a very happy man—"and going to be happier," he told himself—for in the midst of his business changes he could not help the contemplation that the road between Sarah and himself was clearing.

There was a trustees' meeting at the chapel that night. He remembered it as he was eating his dinner, and as the nearest way to the chapel was by Steve's cottage, he thought he would go. He put on his best broadcloth suit, and in all other respects dressed with unusual care. And it was not altogether vanity which made him look with complaisance on his reflection in the glass, and say, "I'm a bit bald and a bit stout, and t' last four years hes made me a bit gray, but I'm a handsome man, as men go, yet, I think."

He stopped at Steve's cottage as he went to the meeting. He had intended to wait until it was over, but he found himself unable to pass the door. Sarah turned her face towards him as he opened it, and at the sight of Jonathan she blushed crimson with pleasure. She sat at the fireside with the baby on her knee; and the little girl whose royal name had caused such heart-burnings was spelling out a lesson beside her. Joyce was in the large chair, folded in a blanket. Her once pretty face was thin and faded, and she was in a such a weak, hysterical condition that Jonathan's first kind words made her begin to cry.

"Nay, nay, woman," he said, soothingly, "t' time for tears is mainly oover now. I saw Aske last night, and we talked about t' men that tried to murder him, and he said 'he could pick 'em out among a thousand anywhere.' And when I told him thy Steve was in prison he was varry sorry. He said 'Steve had nowt to do wi' t' robbery.' Now, then, don't thee cry any more."

"Master, thank thee for coming wi' such good news!" Sarah

answered, her face shining with hope. "Poor Joyce, she hes been ill for weeks! She's hed a deal to cry for, and she's weak as can be."

"I'm broken-hearted! I'm dying! There niver was a woman used as Steve used me. Oh, deary me! Oh, deary me! Oh! oh! oh!"

She was sobbing and moaning with a pitiful hysteria, and Sarah, still holding the babe to her breast, stood up to soothe her: but perceiving the work was going to be difficult, she turned to Jonathan and said, "Master, thou hed better go. She's worn out, and I'll hev to get her to bed."

"Thou art worn out too, my lass!" His eyes filled with tears as he stood looking at her. "I hev something good to tell thee, though. Oh, Sarah! won't ta give me half an hour as I come from t' chapel?"

"Yes, I will that."

Under the circumstances, there was no opportunity for more words. Joyce's crying had awakened the child, and it was also crying; and Jonathan readily perceived that his presence was not in any way helpful to Sarah. But his heart was full of pity for both women—for the weak, distracted wife, wailing and moaning her life away; and for the brave, weary woman carrying a burden far too great for her strength. It was characteristic of Jonathan, however, that as soon as he entered the vestry he put his own thoughts quite away from his heart, and entered with all his old interest into the financial affairs of the circuit.

"Thou art quite like thysen, Burley, to-night," said an old friend, looking at him with a cheerful astonishment; and Jonathan answered, "The Lord hes turned again my captivity, Brother Latham; and the Lord's name be praised!"

It was a little trial for Jonathan that the brethren, rejoicing in his happiness, by a kind of friendly concert, walked part of the way home with him. But when they reached Steve's cottage he said, "Now, then, I'll bid you all 'good-night.' Here's Steve Benson's cottage, and I hev got a word or two to say there."

The little house-place was now quiet. Joyce and the children were asleep, and Sarah was sitting by the table mending some of their clothing. Jonathan sat down by her side. He took the work out of her hands, and then held them in his own. Such dear hands! Hands so ready to help! So gentle with the sick and the children! So busy in every unselfish work! "Oh, Sarah!" he said, and his voice was low and broken with emotion—"oh, my dear lass, t' days of our trouble are oover. Aske and me have made up friends. He hes given up t' lawsuit, and sent Sykes about his business; and he is going to make oover t' new mill to me. What does ta think of that?"

As he spoke he bent towards her, and her face was lifted to him. He saw how the news changed it, how the wan cheeks grew rosy and the sad eyes bright, and how the patient mouth parted with a happy smile. And before she could speak, he had bent still lower, and kissed the words off her lips.

"Nay, nay," he added, "don't thee be a bit vexed at me. I couldn't help it, my dearie; and I hev waited varry patient, Sarah; now, then, how soon will ta marry me?"

"Dear master, how can I leave these three little childer—nay, then, there are four o' them, for Joyce is just as fit for nothing? Thou must wait until t' right time comes."

"If ta knew, Sarah, how it pains me to see thy white, half-clemmed face! How can I be happy, and thou so miserable?"

"Nay-a, not miserable; nobody is that who is doing the thing they ought to do."

"But Steve will get off. There isn't a doubt o' that. Squire Aske was as sorry as could be when he heard of Steve being in prison."

"I wonder how Squire Aske knew our Steve?"

"He told me how. He said one day he was coming through Denham Woods, and he met Steve, and t' lad showed him an orchid he hed just found; and t' Squire gave Steve a guinea for it. I don't know what an orchid is, my lass, but it's nowt wrong, I'm sure; happen, it's a bird o' some kind."

"Nay, it's a flower. I remember Steve telling me about it; he said it was like a spider; a varry curious flower it must be."

"Then Aske got into a talk with Steve, and he told Steve he would like him to get t' nests and t' eggs of all the kinds of birds that iver he could find; for it seems Aske has a fancy to mak' a collection of them. He offered t' lad ten shillings for every nest with t' eggs in it, and more if t' nest was an uncommon kind. But Steve wouldn't tak' t' offer, not he! He said 'He would count himsen no better than a thief and a murderer if he took t' nest of any brooding bird, and that he'd far rather hev t' good-will of t' robins and finches than of the biggest man in t' county.'"

Sarah smiled, and answered, with a tone of decided approval, "That was just like Steve. Poor, kind-hearted lad!"

"Ay, t' Squire smiled when he told me; and he said it would be a varry unlikely thing for a man like Steve to turn out a blood-thirsty, thieving blackguard."

"He is so good, and he is so bad, master, I'm fair puzzled with him."

"He has promised me to do better, and I have promised him no one should take his loom from him. And, Sarah, it's not unlikely that t' prison hes taught him that he can manage to live without tramping up and down from one week end to another. And get a lesson sure-*ly*, about 'taking up' with iverybody

that speaks pleasant to him. So, then, when Steve is settled to work again, what is there to hinder? Be my wife, and come to thy home."

"I'll say one thing. Just as soon as Steve is doing well, I'll count the promise I made my mother fulfilled. But she set me a charge, and I hev to keep it. I couldn't be happy, not even with thee, if I ran away from my duty."

"It's a varry hard one, Sarah."

"Thou's wrong there. Love makes hard things easy, and I love my mother yet, and I love Steve dearly! Hev a bit more patience. I won't hev my happiness till I can ask God's blessing on it. I must wait for t' right time; and I must be sure it is t' right time."

"Then, Sarah, I'll wait as patient as iver I can, till thou art sure. But oh, lass, how I love thee! Thou art dear as my own life to me!"

She blushed with pleasure, and voluntarily put her hand in his. "In a little while," she said. "T' shadows are beginning to brighten, and now thou wilt see how fast t' daylight will come. When t' right hour strikes, thee and me will both know it, and I'll be thy wife gladly, and I'll try to make ivery hour of thy life happy."

Jonathan was far too full of joy to speak for a few minutes, and when he did find words they were of that practical kind which would probably shock a young lover, who imagines that love has no element but one of poetry and romance. "Sarah," he said, "if ta was by thysen, or if it was for thysen, I'd niver dare to offer thee a halfpenny, though all I have is for thee. But for that poor weakly creature and her childer thou must let me do something till Steve is able to work again."

"Ben Holden hes brought my wage."

"Thy wage isn't enough. It isn't half enough. It is for them, not thee. Take it lass, and get Joyce some strengthening food, and t' childer some shoes and clothes. As for Steve's defence, he won't need much defending, but I hev spoken to Newby. He'll say all for t' poor lad that is necessary; and so, thou needn't hev a care about t' trial. It will clear Steve wheniver it is."

Jonathan's hopeful assertions proved in the outcome to be true ones also. When Squire Aske was carried into the court on the day of the trial, he positively asserted that only two men attacked him. He said he had noticed these two as they climbed the wall; he described their dress, and without hesitation selected the guilty men. And in Steve Benson's behalf he spoke so warmly that his full and honourable acquittal was the immediate result of the legal investigation.

But there was a social tribunal which Steve could not so easily satisfy. He returned home with a determination to do

his duty; to be industrious at his loom and affectionate to his family. But Steve was made to feel from the first hour of his return that he was in a sense "boycotted." A score of times a day this knowledge was forced upon him. Some of the coarser men and women had a gibe ever ready; others shifted away from his presence in silence, or else made that presence so passively unpleasant that Steve quickly shifted away from it. It was an actual martyrdom to the sensitive man, and its effect upon Sarah was equally painful and distressing. Before a month had passed she felt that the ordeal was too cruel, and that something must be done to make it unnecessary, for Steve was really in a greater danger than ever he had been before—the danger of a hopeless, subjugated heart.

CHAPTER XIV.—SHADOWS GROWING BRIGHTER.

It was a painful thing to do, but a woman's love, if it be true love, never fails. Sarah went again to Jonathan. It was easy to make him understand how Steve stood in his own little world. Jonathan knew the men and women that composed it; knew their virtues and their faults, and he perceived that Steve had become an outcast from it. To tell the truth, he had not much hope of Steve; but he could not resist Sarah's anxious face, and the tears in her sorrowful eyes.

"Let him hev a fair chance, master, to put his good resolutions into practice," she pleaded; and after some debate America was chosen as the place for a fair chance. He intended going to Canada, but he made some mistake in Liverpool, and bought a ticket for New York. Half-way across the Atlantic the key to Steve Benson's character was found. Either because a sailing-vessel was more economical, or because he wanted to prolong the voyage, Steve had selected a ship of a famous merchant line. For eight days they were driven before a series of storms, and when all hope appeared to be over, and the crew refused any longer to obey orders, Steve went naturally to his right place.

He was the captain's main reliance. Things that appeared impossible for a landsman to do he did easily, by some natural gift or instinct. His spirits and courage rose with the storm, rose above it, and the man who had been a coward among wheels and bands and pulleys knew only an exultant joy in his conflict with the winds and waves. When almost in extremity they met a steamer which took them into port; but the first step on the right road had been taken by Steve Benson, for ere they landed the captain said to him,

"What is your trade, young man?"

"I am a weaver, sir."

"And your father?"

"A weaver also; but my grandfather sailed forty years in the Whitby whaling ships—"

"I thought so! You are a born sailor. Nature made you to sail a ship, and your father tethered you to a loom. That's the way people steer on wrong tacks, and then wonder they run upon reefs and sand-bars. Will you leave the loom and take the helm with me?"

"I'll do so gladly, captain."

This was the beginning of a new life to Steve. It was almost as if in that stormy passage he had been born again. He threw the past and all its dreamy discontent behind him. He never wanted in this new work to be idle. He put into it his whole soul, and duty was delight. As soon as Steve put on the blue flannel of the seaman he looked as if he was in his natural clothes. He kicked his corduroys over the side of the vessel, and buried his mill memories with them fathoms deep in the tossing ocean.

It must be acknowledged that at first Jonathan thought little of the enthusiastic hopes of Sarah for her brother in his new life. "It's this and it's that," he muttered, "and the newest thing is the best thing; but he'll never be worth the shoe-leather he'll wear out." And it was not unreasonable that he should feel hopeless of Steve, and also a little hard towards him. For so many years he had stood between Sarah and himself; and though he could not blame Sarah for her sisterly devotion, he did blame Steve for requiring it.

After the wonderful reconciliation between Aske and himself he went at once to see his uncle. Jonas Shuttleworth had been shrewd enough to anticipate the effect of that Christmas-eve upon his nephew's business. He was not astonished when he heard there would be no lawsuit, and yet, in spite of a sensible satisfaction, he was a bit disappointed.

"I hope I am Christian enough to be glad thou hes made it up with thy son-in-law," he said to Jonathan; "but, my word! it was as nice a case as iver I could wish to see! I hed t' defence all thought out, and I hed got things in my mind up to t' tune of ten thousand pounds damages. But if thou art satisfied, why then I ought to be, I'm sure. Now, then, what will ta do with both mills? They'll be a bit of a charge to thee."

"I'll tell thee. Eleanor hes offered me t' loan of her marriage-portion, and that will make Burley mill run smooth until it runs itself clear."

"Why-a! That *was* good in t' lass! But what will Aske say to it?"

"He put Eleanor up to it, I hev no doubt; for Eleanor never

hed a plan about money, if it wasn't for t' spending of it. But she was glad of the thought, and they were both as nice as niver was about it."

"He can't be a bad chap—Aske."

"He's a varry good one. He's a good hater, and a good lover; and men of that kind suit me. You know where you hev them. Squire Bashpoole always lifted his hat, and spoke politely in t' worst o' t' ill-will; but I knew he hated me, and I thought a deal worse of him for his civility. He'd hev been more of a man if he hed kept his beaver on, and passed me without a word."

"Now, then, about t' other mill?"

"Ay, suppose thou runs it?"

"I know nowt o' running mills."

"Money knows iverything."

"Varry true. I'll tell thee what: I'll find t' money, and thou put Ben Holden in as manager. It shall be Burley & Co., and I'll be t' 'Co.'"

"Ben hes been my right hand for many a year."

"Then it's time thou was thy own right hand. Run thy mill as well as iver thou can, and Ben and I will 'best thee,' I hevn't a doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder."

But it was finally settled thus, and Ben was highly delighted at the proposal. Still, there were necessarily many irritating delays, especially as Aske did not recover as rapidly and thoroughly as had been hoped. And machinery was to examine, and books to go over, and stock to take, and the lock to remove, and bills to call in and to satisfy, and a hundred things to attend to, which kept not only Jonathan but the "Co." as busy as possible.

"Aske is varry badly," said Jonathan to his uncle one day. "He doesn't get well; and Eleanor sent for me last night. T' doctors think he ought to go to London or Paris, and see some great men—I've forgotten t' names—and Eleanor wanted me to persuade him to take t' advice given him. He looks varry thin and white, and he suffers a deal. But it is t' queerest thing how he hes taken to me; not but it is just as queer to feel how I hev taken to him. I felt fit to cry this morning to see him so bad off."

"Jonathan, I'll take it kind of thee if ta will go with t' poor young man and thy daughter. Thou is needing a rest far more than thou thinks for. Thou hes a fever most of t' time; and thou art as worritty as a woman. Ben and I can take care of iverything; and if ta will forget t' mills for a few weeks, and give thysen up to spending money, and larking like a boy, thou wilt add twenty years to thy life."

And probably there was in Jonathan's consciousness a conviction of the necessity for some such relief; for after a slight

opposition he gave in to his uncle's proposal, almost gladly; especially when he saw how pleased Eleanor was and felt the grateful clasp of Aske's thin hand.

This event occurred about the end of July; a little more than two months after Steve's departure for America. Things had become much better in his cottage. Joyce was well, and growing almost pretty again, in the brighter prospects before her. Steve wrote her beautiful letters. He sent her money; he told her he was making a little home for her in New York, and that very soon it would be ready. And Joyce took kindly to the idea. She had been so poor and wretched that she did not feel as if she ever could hold up her head again among her own people; and her imagination had also been filled with Steve's account of the bright, breezy city of the New World, and its freer, broader life, and its wonderful school advantages for the children. So that Sarah's hopefully prophetic words to her lover—"the shadows have begun to brighten"—seemed to be coming more and more true with every passing week.

As for Sarah, her cheerful face and light step had told Jonathan so much, but he felt that he could not go abroad with Aske until he had had some confidential intercourse with her. On the last day that he purposed being at the mills, before leaving, he stopped at her loom. Jonas Shuttleworth was with him, but he had lingered at a loom lower down, and in the few moments' interval Jonathan bent over her work, and said, "I am going away, my lass, for three months, happen for more. I must see thee first. Where will ta be at nine o'clock to-night?"

"I'll be at the stile to Barton Woods."

"I'll be there, too—wet or fine."

Then Jonas joined him. Both men stood and watched Sarah's work for a few minutes, and then passed on. But all day Jonathan had the wonderful sense of having an appointment with Sarah. It made him feel like a young man. He could scarcely eat his dinner; and Jonas noticed his want of appetite as a new and an ominous symptom of his need of rest and recreation.

"I'll tell thee what, nephew, thou hes eat nothing at all, and when a man quarrels with his bread and meat, there's something varry far wrong with him. Thou said thou was going out to-night; don't thee do it; a man that doesn't eat his victuals isn't fit to put his head out in t' night air."

But Jonathan said he had a friend to see, and the old man made no further opposition to his night walk. He went nervously up-stairs, and dressed himself, and then slowly took his way through the sweet-scented park, full of the perfume of bleaching grass and of a thousand wild flowers. He sat down at the stile, and smoked, and thought, and was very, very happy. He could see either way for half a mile. Sarah was not visible. Then she was coming through the wood, and with

a still, sweet thrill of expectation he went to meet her. In a few moments she appeared, and oh, how fair and sweet she looked in the dim path with the green, arching trees above her!

He took her hands and clasped them in his own. "My own dear wife! Thank thee for coming!" And then their feet were upon enchanted ground, and knew a joy more sweet and pure than any hearts can comprehend, save those that have been tried by sorrow and strengthened by self-abnegation. It was no green harvest of unripe love, hastily gathered by impatient youth before the ears are full and golden. In Barton Wood, Sarah and Jonathan had one hour of sweetest confidence, in which the future was discussed in all the glowing hopes of purest and truest love.

When it was time to part they came to the open road, and Jonathan looked at his love with a fixed and tender gaze. She had only a lilac print dress on, with a white embroidered kerchief about her neck; but oh, how sweet and womanly she looked! And oh, what wells of truth and affection were the handsome grey eyes she lifted to Jonathan's face!

"We must part here, dear Jonathan," she said softly.

"Nay, not we. I'll see thee safe home," and she had not the heart to say him nay. So, walking happily side by side through the little village, they said their last hopeful words to each other. At the cottage gate he kissed her and blessed her, and left her with eyes full of tender tears. And she stood and watched him to the street corner, where he turned and waved his hand in a final adieu.

One night in the beginning of December Sarah was coming from the mill. She was thinking of Steve—thinking of him tossing on the stormy Atlantic, and yet thinking of him with a glad and grateful heart. Last year at that very time they had been in such poverty and anxiety. Oh, how good God had been to him! When every one else's love and patience had been worn out, God's was still fresh. "*His loving-kindness faileth not*"—the words were on her lips when the village postman touched her.

"Here's a letter for thy folks, Sarah—an American letter. Happen there'll be good news in it."

"Happen there will, Joe. Good news comes to them as look and hope for it; and our Joyce says she has hed a feeling like it." She took the letter and hurried home, and gave it into Joyce's hand with a kiss. In a few moments she heard Joyce calling her in an excited manner, and she hurried down- stairs.

"Look thee here, Sarah. I hev gotten a post-office order for £20! For £20, Sarah! Did ta iver hear of t' like? But that's nowt to t' rest. Steve will be in Liverpool about the 20th of this month, and he says we are all to be there—me and t' childer—and he hes a home in New York ready for us, and we are going, Sarah. Oh, my! Going away from all t' bad mem-

ories of cold and hunger and sorrow! And he's quartermaster of t' *Arion*, Sarah! Oh, my! oh, my! I niver, niver hoped for such a joy as this! Oh, my! oh, my!" and Joyce walked rapidly about the kitchen, with Steve's letter in one hand and the money-order in the other, far too much excited to talk sensibly for some time about the good news that had come to her.

Sarah kissed her heartily again. "Try and settle thysen a bit, Joyce," she pleaded; "there's a deal for thee to look after. Warm, decent clothing to get, and t' furniture to sell, and many a thing that thou won't want to sell to be packed up. Thou will hev to be busy night and day, I'll warrant."

"And thou will hev to stop from t' mill and help me, for I'm that flustered I don't know what I am doing. I'll hev to rely on thee, Sarah; but it is t' last time, lass—it is t' last time!"

On the 19th she left for Liverpool, and Sarah went with her, for there were half a dozen boxes as well as the children to care for, and Joyce had, in an excessive degree, the restless, fearful, fussy temper which makes travelling a terror to such women. However, in spite of Joyce's convictions that every one wanted to steal her boxes, and that they were certainly on the wrong road, Liverpool was safely reached. The *Arion* was in port, and though Steve was very busy, the captain managed to spare him long enough to bring his family on board. It was a joyful meeting, and Sarah was amazed to see her brother. The free, open-air life had developed him physically, as well as mentally and morally. He was brown and merry and strong, and full of fun.

"Oh, my dear, dear lad," she cried, "but I am glad to see thee! Why, thou isn't t' same Steve at all!"

"Mebbe I'm not, Sarah; but I'm t' right Steve now. I am t' Steve that God and Nature meant me to be. Why, Joyce and Sarah, lasses, I am t' quartermaster already; and some day I'll sail my own ship to every port I hev read and dreamed about. See if I don't!"

Sarah fully believed him. She was standing by his side on the deck of the *Arion*, and thinking how handsome he looked in his blue sailor dress, and how bright and purpose-like were all his ways. Half an hour afterwards she bid him "Farewell!" but it was a farewell full of hope and satisfaction. She had a positive conviction of his future success, and when she turned away from the dock, she saw through happy tears the quartermaster of the *Arion* holding the baby shoulder-high for her last look, and Joyce and Charlotta Victoria and little Billy standing beside him. And ere we bid farewell to Steve, we must say this thing of him—he has amply redeemed all his promises; and there is not to-day in all the merchant-service a safer, bolder, or more trusted captain than Stephen Benson.

CHAPTER XV.—ONLY ONE LOVE.

It was the day before Christmas, and the mills had been dismissed and closed at noon; but Ben Holden and Jonas Shuttleworth still lingered in the office, going over some papers that the elder man wished to have in complete order before the beginning of the year. Ben was an industrious, strict business man, but Shuttleworth's energy and precision almost wearied him.

"Dost ta niver get tired?" he asked, looking with a kind of wonder at the bright eyes and restless hands of his companion.

"I'm niver tired as long as I'm busy, Ben. After I gave up business, ten years ago, I used to be weary to death varry often; but since I hev been the 'Co.' of Burley's mills I hevn't hed a tiresome minute."

"How's that?"

"Why, ta sees, if a man hes no brains but business brains he's lonesome without business—just as lonesome as a gambler without his cards. Surely to goodness thou isn't tired?"

Ben laughed, and just then there was a ring at the outer gate.

"That is Jonathan's ring," he said. "I'd know it in a thousand. He always pulls t' bell as if ivery one was dead asleep but himsen." But as he was speaking, Ben was hastening to the gate, and in a few minutes the two men came back together holding each other by the hand, and laughing heartily. Jonas Shuttleworth heard them, and he pushed the papers into a drawer and locked them up carefully. Then he turned to meet his nephew, and though his manner was less effusive than Ben's, its genuine kindness was just as unmistakable.

"My word," he said, "but thou art improved!" and as Jonathan came into the brighter light the improvement was evident. Travel and rest had done wonders for him; he looked indeed many years younger than he did when he left home.

"And how is t' Squire and his wife, my grandniece?" asked Shuttleworth.

"He is very near well, and he will return home as soon as t' cold weather is over. Eleanor and Aske! why, they are t' happiest couple I iver saw now. Ben," and he turned towards his friend, "Eleanor is mistress and master both; and as for Aske, either he doesn't know it, or else he likes it so well that he'd rather say nothing against it."

"It's varry like he knows it, Jonathan, and that he enjoys it; and I wouldn't wonder but that he's a deal better and happier man as things are now."

Jonathan looked at Ben and laughed.

"Why, Ben, thou hes changed thy views a bit. Now then, uncle, how is all with thee?"

"All is much better than might be, nephew; and as for t' mill, it is coming on finely. Thy 'Co.' hesn't been a bad partner, and thou will see that."

"I niver expected he would be. And what hes thou been doing, Ben? Hes ta seen Sarah lately?"

"I saw her to-day. She was going to t' chapel to dress it up a bit. It was always Sarah's work, and there's few could do it like her."

"Was she looking well?"

"Uncommon well. Now, I'll tell thee some rare good news. Joyce and all t' childer have gone to America."

"Now, then! Art ta sure?"

"Quite sure. Steve sent them twenty pounds—they hed it up to a hundred pounds in t' village—and Joyce sold t' furniture; and Sarah told me that Steve hed a comfortable home for them in New York."

"How did they go?"

"Why, in t' same vessel Steve sailed in. Sarah went to Liverpool with them; if she hedn't, I don't think they'd iver hev got there."

"Well, this is good news, Ben! I'm glad it came to me from thy lips, old friend. And I'm right glad thou art so happy thysen. Now I'm going to see Sarah. Is she at t' old cottage yet?"

"Ay, she is. She told me she would bide until t' new-year."

In fact, Sarah had gone back to her old home at the beginning of Joyce's trouble; and after bidding Steve and his family "good-by" in Liverpool, she returned to the room she had occupied in it. The day before Christmas she had given for many a year to decorating the chapel for the festival. So from morning to night she was busy in the chapel, and she was just arranging the last cluster of berries when she heard some one call her.

"Sarah!"

The voice was a strong, cheery one, and her soul knew its faintest echo. She made no pretence of not hearing it, of not knowing it, but answered at once, "I am here, master."

She was standing by the communion rail when he joined her, and he said, "Thou art just where I want thee to be, my dear, dear lass. Sarah, I hev t' license in my pocket, and t' marriage-ring, too, and I saw t' preacher as I came here, and he says he'll wed us to-morrow morning. Will ta come home to-morrow?"

"My dear lad, now I'll do whativer thou wants me to do. I hev no duty to put before my love for thee now."

Then they sat down together in Jonathan's pew—at last, at

last, each heart able to give perfect love and perfect confidence to the other.

"And thou art all mine now, Sarah?"

"I am all thine, Jonathan. My heart hes ached for many a year between Steve and thee; but I hev done my last duty to Steve. He needs me no more, thank God! and now I can heartily come to thee. There is no other love between me and thee now."

And Jonathan said, "Thank God!" But his voice was very low, and he could hardly speak for emotion, and for a few moments both were silent for very happiness. And they sat so long that the chapel-keeper looked in disapprovingly several times, but at last went home happy with a sovereign in his pocket.

The next morning there was the usual Christmas service in the chapel; and, after it, Jonathan and his uncle, Jonas Shuttleworth, Ben Holden and his wife, and the preacher's wife and Sarah Benson, came quietly up to the communion rails. The movement was absolutely unexpected; but there was a profound interest and curiosity, and no one in the congregation moved until Jonathan, radiant with joy, turned to them with his wife upon his arm.

Then they crowded round him with their good wishes and their congratulations; and so, amid the smiles and blessings of all who knew them, he put Sarah into his carriage and drove her away to his home, the happiest man in England that Christmas-day.

THE END.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

O HOLY night! the stars are brightly shining;
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth!
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till he appeared, and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new glorious morn!
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand.
So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from the Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;
He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger,
Behold your King! before Him lowly bend!

—*J. S. Dwight.*

THE LESS KNOWN POETS OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

A Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

THE omission of a part of the paper on "Two Female Poets of Methodism," in the last number of this MAGAZINE, affords me the opportunity of adding a few more extracts from the poems of Miss Emma Tatham. Cut off too early to show great maturity of poetic power, yet many of her pieces contain some fine passages, and display a wealth of genius unlooked for in one so young. Her "Dream of Pythagoras" is a pure poetic conception, in which the dreamer rehearses his experience and its teaching to his disciples:

> . . . . 'Twas but a dream;
> And yet from shadows may we learn the shape
> And substance of undying truth.

The philosopher dreams he is a sunbeam, and his first abode—

> Was a pure particle of light, wherein,
> Shrined like a beam in crystal, I did ride
> Gloriously through the firmament on wings
> Of floating flowers, ethereal gems, and wreaths
> Of vernal rainbows.

As a beam of light he led a life of ecstacy, illumined the palaces of nature, explored her hidden cabinets, and read her joyous secrets; but becoming dissatisfied, and envious of the lightning, he says:

> . . . . I longed to be
> A conquerer and destroyer like to him.
> . . . . I murmur'd at my lot,
> Beautiful as it was, and that one murmur
> Despoil'd me of my glory. I became
> A dark and tyrant cloud, driven by the storm,
> Too earthly to be bright, too hard of heart
> To drop in mercy on the thirsty land;
> And so no creature loved me.

As a cloud he melts away in the sands of the desert, then springs up in the form of a wild flower, becomes a dew-drop, is hung in a rainbow, becomes a star and is tempted to aim at

being a god unto himself, but is content to remain and sing with the stars. At last he says:

. . . . I became
A date tree in the desert, to pour out
My life in dumb benevolence, and full
Obedience to each wind of heaven that blew.
The traveller came—I gave him all my shade,
Asking for no reward; the lost bird flew
For shelter to my branches, and I hid
Her nest among my leaves; the sunbeams ask'd
To rest their hot and weary feet awhile
On me, and I spread out every arm
To embrace them, fanning them with all my plumes.
Beneath my shade the dying pilgrim fell
Praying for water; I cool dew drops caught
And shook them on his lip; I gave my fruit
To strengthen the faint stranger, and I sang
Soft echoes to the winds, living in nought
For self; but in all things for others' good.

. . . . . .

The billowing sands o'erwhelmed me, yet I stood
Silent beneath them; so they rolled away,
And rending up my roots, left me a wreck
Upon the wilderness.
. . . . 'Twas thus, my sons,
I dreamed my spirit wandered till at length,
As desolate I mourned my hapless woe,
My guardian angel took me to his heart,
And thus he said: "Spirit, well tried and true!
Conqueror I made thee, and prepar'd
For human life; behold! I wave the palm
Of immortality before thine eyes;
'Tis thine; it shall be thine, if those aright
Acquit thee of the part that yet remains,
And teach what thou hast learned!"

Declining health rendered a change of residence necessary, and the house on Holborn Hill was exchanged for a residence in the country—Margate, though old and quaint, yet a great relief from the streets in the thronged city. Here were new objects to elicit the free play of her genius and feed her imagination. Here she wrote her pleasing melody "To the Sea Bird," and other effusions of her muse:

Oh, that thou hadst a soul, sea-bird!
As thou swimmest in heaven so high,

A spirit to know how thy white wings glow,
A spirit to feast on the scenes below,
And the waves of the sparkling sky.

Oh, that thou hadst but a soul to feel
How the sunbeams have rob'd and crown'd thee;
How the earth to thee doth her beauty reveal,
How the ocean doth spread, and the heavens unseal
Their secrets of glory around thee.

Oh, that there were a heart to beat
To the sweep of those graceful pinions!
A soul to ride in a chariot so fleet,
To float in the track of the sunbeam's feet,
And revel in light's dominions.

Oh, that my soul for a moment might be
To thy beautiful wings up-caught!
That I might on a midsummer morning flee
Through many bright forms over forest and sea,
As Pythagoras wildly taught.

I would borrow, King Eagle, thy loftiest wing,
And soar where no eye-beam could follow;
A carol of praise I would joyfully sing,
In the breast of the beautiful bird of the spring,
In a lonely and moonlighted hollow.

I would then be transform'd to the wand'ring gale,
And chisel the broken waves,
Gloriously swelling the mission-bark's sail,
Flushing the cheek of the pining and pale,
And sighing o'er far-away graves.

I'd whisper of hope to some sorrowful ear,
And say to the slave, "Thou art free!"
I would catch in my wings every sweet I came near,
And then fly away home, O my own mother dear!
And bring all my treasures to thee,

She died early, and realized those immortal visions her soul had longed for, and the fulfilment of her own request, expressed in a very tender yet glowing poem she had entitled "To Die"—

So let me die
Where the warm love of Jesus shall inspire
My fainting spirit, and His heart shall beat
New pulses into MINE.

Behind the simple memorial stone in Redbourn cemetery is a white rose tree, the branches of which seem to embrace the stone, as if in grateful remembrance of her who once sang so lovingly "To the White Rose"—

. . . . . .

What hand has moulded thy ethereal grace?
Didst thou from this dark earth indeed arise?
O miracle of beauty! in thy face
Pale holiness and love embrace,
And in thy hidden heart perfection dies.

The softest, richest blush thy bosom hides,
The very breath of love thy sighs distil,
God's finger-mark in every leaf abides,
His tender touch in thee, how mildly, chides
Our harsh distrust and waywardness of will.

I should have deemed thee formed for angel's eyes,
For angel's foreheads only—Eden's bowers—
How canst thou live beneath these changing skies,
And breathe this atmosphere of sins and sighs,
O perfect loveliness? O flower of flowers!

. . . . . .

She was like thee; a heart and hand divine
Made holy beauty o'er her spirit shine,
And perfected the praise she could not speak.

BETHLEHEM.

O, TO have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the star of the Lord shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers,
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender way-worn feet,
Of the mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid;
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts,
You can comfort, for Jesus' sake?

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

HOW JOHN WESLEY SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Compiled from Wesley's Journals by W. M. Symons.)

1744. I waked by the grace of God in the same spirit; and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe and tender sense of the presence of God as greatly confirmed me therein, so that God was before me all the day long. I sought and found Him in every place, and could truly say when I lay down at night, "Now I have lived a day."

1745. I talked with a young man, who seemed to be under strong convictions: but I fear only seemed. I am surprised that, in so many years, this is the first hypocrite of the kind I have met with, the first who appeared to have deliberately put on the mask of religion purely to serve a secular end.

1746. Thursday, 25th, was a day of great consolation.

1750. We had a solemn meeting at four. Indeed, God was greatly with us during the whole season, in all our assemblies, to lift up them that had fallen, and to comfort the weak-hearted.

1758. Our service began in the Foundry at four; in the Tabernacle at eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare His arm. There was a great cry among the people. Stony hearts were broke; many mourners comforted; many believers strengthened. Prejudice vanished away. A few only kept their fierceness till the afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me. But before I concluded he cried out, "I am overcome! I am overcome!"

1761. We began as usual at four. A few days since, one who lived in known sin, finding heavy conviction, broke away and ran out, she knew not whither. She met one who offered her a shilling per week to take care of her child. She went gladly. The woman's husband, hearing her stir between three and four, began cursing and swearing bitterly. His wife said, "I wish thou would'st go with her, and see if anything will do thee good." He did so. In the first hymn God broke his heart, and he was in tears all the rest of the service. How soon did God recompense this poor woman for taking the stranger in.

1762. We met at the chapel in Spitalfields to renew our covenant with God; and He did indeed appear in the midst of the congregation; and answered, as it were, by fire.

1770. Being Christmas day, we had such a congregation at

four as I have not seen for many years. And from morning to evening we had abundant proof that God is visiting and redeeming His people.

1771. This was a day full of work, but, blessed be God, not tiresome work. I began at the Foundry at four. The service at West Street began at nine. In the afternoon I met the children at three, preached at five, and then had a considerable season with the society.

1772. I preached early at the Foundry; morning and afternoon at the chapel. In returning home at night a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all—that neither man nor beast received the least hurt.

1775. I buried the body of Esther Grimaldi, who died in the full triumph of faith. "A mother in Israel" thou hast been; and thy works shall praise thee in the gates. During the twelve festival days we had the Lord's Supper daily—a little emblem of the primitive Church. May we be followers of them in all things, as they were of Christ!

1777. I buried the remains of Mr. Bespham, many years master of a man-of-war. From the time he received the truth in love he was a pattern to all that believe. His faith was full of mercy and good fruits; his works shall praise him in the gates.

1779. Being Christmas day, our service began at four as usual in the new chapel. I expected Mr. Richardson to read prayers at West Street Chapel, but he did not come, so I read prayers myself, and preached and administered the sacrament to several hundred people. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel, thoroughly filled in every corner, and in the evening at St. Sepulchre's, one of the largest parish churches in London. It was warm enough, being sufficiently filled; yet I felt no weakness nor weariness, but was stronger after I had preached my fourth sermon than I was after the first (aged 76).

1784. We met as usual in the new chapel at four, at ten, and in the afternoon. I preached in West Street, and afterwards spent a comfortable hour in meeting the society.

1785. Being Christmas day, I preached at the new chapel early in the morning, and in the evening about eleven at West Street.

1786. Being Christmas day, we began the services as usual at four in the new chapel. Notwithstanding the severe frost, which had now lasted a month, the congregation was uncommonly large. I preached here again in the evening; about

eleven in the chapel at West Street. This was a comfortable day (aged 83).

1789. Being Christmas day, we began the service in the new chapel at four o'clock as usual, when I preached again in the evening, after having officiated in West Street at the common hour (aged 86).

Such are all the notices to be found in Mr. Wesley's Journals. In every other year no mention is made of the day, except that on his voyage from Georgia home he complains sadly of sea-sickness, a state which precluded much of earthly enjoyment.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

The Higher Life.

COME, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King.
See in Mary's arms reposing
Christ by highest heaven adored;
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Hark, the heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing,
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

A SONG AND PRAYER.

The Christmas song is ringing through the air with all the sweetness, all the music, that roused the shepherds and revealed to them the coming Prince of Peace. So clearly does the angelic song echo through the air that "good-will to men" is a refrain echoed from heart to heart at the happy Christmas-tide. We almost hear a universal chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men." Sadness, pain, loneliness, estrangement—these have no place at this time which celebrates the gift of the Son of God to mankind. The minds of the most thoughtless turn to the Babe of Bethlehem, and come to worship Him. The Man Christ is lost sight of for the time in the Baby Emmanuel; the cross is hidden by the cradle, and the angelic chorus drowns the cry at the tomb. "Peace and good-will to men" blends in perfect harmony with the climax of human greatness in the cry, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY.

Amidst the seasonable charities and joyous festivities of Christmas, it is well that we should be reminded of the momentous event in the Divine ordering which gives to the day its unique significance.

It was indeed in the fulness of the times that the Saviour appeared. One has only to consider the state of the Roman world at that momentous crisis to perceive how gloomy was the prospect of humanity. Luxury and poverty, imperious pride and abject serfdom, existed side by side; on the one hand no limit or restraint, on the other neither hope nor consolation. Such faith as had existed in the world's religions was fast vanishing away, and with them whatever was left of moral excellence. The peculiar people had passed out of religion into formalism, and thence where the God of Abraham had manifested His presence the glory had passed away. The fountains of the great deep were everywhere broken up.

At that very time, when humanity was stretching out its hands in anguish for a Deliverer, a babe was born in a stable at Bethlehem, and cradled there in a manger, whose spiritual power was destined to make Cæsars tremble, to overturn the gods of the Pantheon, and transform the entire being of humanity. The Roman and the Greek, equally with the Jew, were looking for such a deliverer from impending chaos; but none of them expected Him to appear in humble guise. To be potent the Messiah must be brilliant, powerful, commanding; not humble and lowly. He whom God sent them had no marks of distinction. Humble in earthly parentage, meek and lowly, without pomp or power, He came conquering and to conquer.

The angelic choir whose celestial anthem had stricken the shepherds with awe gave out the prelude of the faith which was to be, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men." The Gospel was in truth to be not merely a cult, but also a religion—in its primitive sense—of humanity. "The name of the Messiah was to be Emmanuel, God with us;" that is to say, He was destined to draw more closely the bonds which united Creator and creature, first in His own person, and then in the ever-living faith He purposed to bequeath to the world as an everlasting possession.

The Saviour's humble birth was the first distinctive note of the mission He came to fulfil. The stable at Bethlehem was a rebuke to worldliness, luxury, pride, selfishness, and ambition. It proved once more that God's ways are not as our ways. An ordinary sage would have begun with the philosophic school to which he belonged, and wrangled with cultured opponents in the porch or the garden. Many such wise men had appeared and were destined to appear; but they failed to leaven the

seething mass of ignorance, vice, and suffering. A military conqueror would have attempted to free the Jews from a foreign yoke more galling to them because it was pagan, and would certainly have failed. Christ came primarily to the poor—a peasant to peasants, a carpenter to handicraftsmen—and to them the Gospel was first preached. As against the luxury of the rich, He proclaimed the blessedness of poverty; to the pride of caste, He opposed the precious doctrine of human brotherhood; instead of selfishness, He emphasized the blessedness of self-denial and self-abnegation. The creed formulated in the Sermon on the Mount was symbolized in the manger of Bethlehem.

On Christmas day we commemorate the birth of Him who brought the glad tidings of great joy. Can we estimate what the world would have been but for the Advent? Is it possible to imagine, be our fancy ever so vivid, what mankind would have been, if the mighty Empire of Rome had gone to pieces—a prey to the barbarians, or by natural decay—but for Christianity? What we owe to it, simply from an historical point of view, and without regard to the marvellous amelioration it has wrought in the hearts and lives of men, passes the power of human calculation. We rejoice, therefore, on Christmas for what we owe to the religion of Christ, and the unspeakable benefits, temporal and eternal, it has bestowed upon us. Finally, it furnishes the surest hope for the world's future, when its benign teachings shall have purged mankind of sin and passion and given them purity and peace. As Milton sings:

"Yea, Truth and Justice then,
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glorious wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall."

—*Selected.*

Give the Choicest Things to Jesus.

It is said in the Inspired Record that when the Magi, or wise men from the East, came where the "infant Redeemer was laid," they opened their treasures, and "presented unto Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh." That is, they offered unto the manifested Messiah the most valuable and the most

precious things which they possessed. In one word, then, this presentation to Him who was born King of the Jews, of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, was an acknowledgment on the part of the Magi that He into whose presence the light of a journeying star had mysteriously guided their steps was entitled to their homage, service, and affection—was entitled to their most tenderly-loved treasures; and that unto Him tribute must be paid, fealty avowed, and incense offered. In like manner, it is our privilege to give our best things to Jesus. Our gold and incense can be brought gladly to His altars. Our time, talents, possessions, influence, reputation, capacity for service and suffering, may all be rendered to our royal Master. Such an offering is demanded at our hands.

Our Lord deserves this grand recognition. He is the Prince of Peace and the Lord of Life. His wisdom is infinite, His goodness is inexhaustible, His love and mercy boundless and free. He is a most princely Prince, and a most loving Lover. All His garments smell of myrrh and cassia out of the ivory palaces. He has shown His favour to us. He has loved us with a great love, and ransomed us with a great price. For us He left the glory which He had with the Father before the world was He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor. He bore our sins in His body on the cross. He triumphed over death and hell in behalf of our imperilled souls. He is our Mediator, our loving Intercessor before the throne. Can we recall what He is and what He has done for us, and not render unto Him our best thoughts, our fullest energies, our purest affections, our choicest possessions, our tenderest relations, our grandest consecration of purpose, and our most comprehensive devotion of life, with all its powers and possibilities? Can we do too much for such a Saviour? Can we deny ourselves too rigidly for Him who was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and endured the agonies of Calvary for us? Can we render too precious an offering to the lover of our souls, who offered His life for our redemption? Can we live too constantly and utterly for Him who lives in heaven, "the prime and blossom" of our glorified humanity, to be our representative and advocate?

Bring gold, bring incense, bring the heart's best offering to Jesus. Give life, love, friends, and fortune to Him. Learn to employ the mind for Him. Think of His cause and its necessities. Ask yourself, "How can I do more for Him? How can I deny myself more fully, and economise more closely, that I may

give more to His cause? How can I lead men, whose eyes are closed and whose ears are stopped, to discern His beauty and to listen to that voice whose music makes the melody of the heavens?" A heart full of love will long to express it. A life given up to a grand purpose will yearn for the opportunity of heroic devotion.

We owe this fulness of consecration to ourselves. No man is fully a man till he is fully the Lord's. The treasures we withhold are moth-eaten; the sacrifice which we do not present on the Divine altar becomes a stench; the choice things reserved to ourselves are transmuted into curses; the incense which we do not offer to Jesus ministers to self-love, vanity and idol-worship; the disloyalty and treason to heaven's King produce anarchy, misery, and a dreary desolation of darkness and death in the soul. No man is ever a gainer by anything withheld from Christ. On the contrary, the intellect consecrated to Him is henceforth a brighter intellect; the heart given to Him is a purer and happier heart, and the life devoted to His service is a nobler and sublimer life. How precious is the gold which has been laid on the altar? How sweet the incense, diffusing royal perfumes through every chamber of the soul, which has been breathed in prayer before the Lord! How delightful the possession which is held and enjoyed—as belonging to Jesus, sanctified by His acceptance, and used for His kingdom and glory! How exalted the privilege of doing or suffering something, in some way, for that Saviour who every moment gives us Himself, and makes us sharers in His immortal inheritance! The will grows stronger, the aim higher, the life more heroic, just as we are able to count all things loss for the excellency of Jesus. Our relations to others are plainer, the more complete and constant our consecration to Christ.—*A. C. George, D.D.*

SINCE CHRISTMAS LAST.

THIS year I slept and woke with pain;
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy—
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.*

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."—Luke ii. 15.

My friends, if a short sermon does not suffice for Christmas Day, no sermon can be of any avail; for the longest sermon ever preached could not adequately set forth the vastness of the truth that God became man that man might become as God. It has been too much the habit of a partial theology to connect the Incarnation only with the fall of man: the truer view is to connect it with the creation of man—to see in it, as the great Greek Fathers saw, the interpretation of all being; the explanation of the oppressive riddles of life, of nature, of the universe; to see with the eye of faith, as it has been well said, depth below depth opening in the dull surface of the earth; to see flashes of hope shoot across the weary trivialities of business and of pleasure; to see the powers of the age to come active among the self-seekings of ambition; to see in the struggles of the unhappy and forlorn fragments of the life which the poor man Christ Jesus lived on earth; to see over the inequalities of the world, its terrible contrasts, its desolating crimes, one over-arching sign of God's purpose of redemption, broad as the sky and bright as the sunshine. And thus regarded, Christmas becomes the expression of a joy, not fantastic and conventional, but unfathomable and limitless; it becomes the shadow of prophecy and of consummations which lie utterly beyond this world of time. The bright homes, the decorated churches, the pealing bells, the smiling faces, the kindly greetings, the ringing carols, the glad gatherings, the festive hearts —may there be many such—are but slight symbols of far deeper realities; they are but echoes, which have floated down to the earth, of the songs of angels; they are but reflected gleams of the splendour of that first Christmas evening when the heavens burst to disclose their light. As such let us accept them, and as such may they breathe peace and hope, and even joy, into distressed and doubting souls.

God works in His own ways, and those ways are infinitely unlike the tumultuous ways of men. Man's little schemes are ushered in with drums and trumpet peals, and he wreaks his anger, as far as he can, in the earthquake and the hurricane. God works in patience and He moves the hearts of His servants with still, small voices. Man's great men are a Cæsar, a Tiberius, a Caiaphas with his ephod, a Pilate on the judgment seat. God knows nothing of these inch-high scaffoldings of little human greatness. The Lord of time and of all worlds came to us in silence in the darkness, a little new-born babe crowded into the stable out of the humble village inn; and all who were in the world, and all who are in the world, if they would catch but one glimpse of the meaning of Christmas, and of its true gladness, must lay aside their arrogance, their pomposities, and their intellectualism, and come to that humble cradle with hearts as of a weaned child.

* Preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Christmas day, 1886.

It is even thus that this Christmas Day I would invite you all to come in that robe of humility which your Saviour wore. You all feel more or less the trials, the mystery of life, its sufferings and its sins. One and One only can alleviate for you those trials, can explain that mystery, can remove that suffering, can heal those sins. Would you understand anything either of this life or of the life beyond? You can only do so by watching the life of your Saviour, by coming to Christ's cradle, by standing behind His cross, by sitting with the deathless angel in His forsaken tomb. Follow Him with the eagle eye of faith, and then you may see the heavens open and Jesus Christ standing on the right hand of God. I ask you, then, for a moment or two to stand with me on this Christmas morning beside the cradle of your Lord, in the manger at Bethlehem, and catch something of what we there may learn.

Some of you are poor. How glad for you, beyond all utterance, should be the meaning of Christmas! Your Lord was, as you are, poor—as poor as any of you. The lot which he chose for His own was your lot. Look at your own little children with love and reverence, for He, too, was the child of the poor. Try to make them sweet, and pure, and unselfish like Him. If they are ever cold and hungry, He was cold and hungry too. Your rooms, in garret or in cellar, are not more comfortless than that manger at Bethlehem; nor is your labour humbler than His in that shop of the village carpenter of Nazareth. It was to the poor, to the humble, to the ignorant, to those poor shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, that the heavens flashed forth with angel wings. They were the first to see in that cradle the Blessed Child. Cannot you, in heart or mind, go with them?

Oh, I entreat you, for the sake of that very Lord, do not let your Christmas be degraded, be dragged down, as it were, to hell by the fiends of drink, of self-indulgence, or of impurity, as the Christmas of so many will be; nay, rather let Christ's cradle teach you to respect yourselves, to reverence with a nobler self-esteem the nature which He gave you and took upon Himself, and which, by taking upon Himself, He redeemed. He came to make your poverty sacred, not because poverty is in itself a thing more sacred than riches; but because the lot of the poor is the lot of the many; it was to give to poverty especially the inspiration of an immense hope that, being rich, He for our sakes became poor. And so your poverty may be patient and submissive, waiting in its peaceful darkness for the unperceived dawn, but not without its own sweet untainted happiness, its intermittent notes of birds before the daybreak, or the first beams of heaven's amber in the eastern grey.

And some are rich. Oh! come ye also to the manger-cradle of your Lord, for rich men did come both to His cradle and to His tomb. From the far East came those three wise men—the "three kings of the East," as they are called—they came, as the rich should come, with the gifts, willing and humble gifts, not doled forth with murmurs as a burden, but lavished as a privilege with delight—gold and frankincense and myrrh: gold for the king, frankincense for the God, myrrh for the sepulchre. And, first of all, they gave, as we all may give and must give, themselves—the gold of worthy lives, the frankincense of holy worship, the myrrh of consecrated sorrow. They might have kept their gold and their treasures

for their own selfishness; for their own gratification; for the enhancement of their personal luxury; for the enrichment of their sons and daughters. They might have stamped their substance with a vulgar common-place possession; but do not you think it was happier for them that they made their gifts immortal by offering them at the cradle of their Lord? You may do the very same thing to-day. If you give to one of the least of these your brethren, you give it unto Him. The gold you give this morning will protect the little naked feet over these frozen paths; it will clothe the little shivering limbs; it will give bread to the hungry, and cover the naked with a garment. It will leap in bright fire upon scanty hearths; it will brighten the trials of little innocent children; it will sparkle in the eyes of the fatherless, and make the widow's heart sing for joy. Will you really miss it? Will you be happier for keeping it than if you laid it beside the child Jesus, and saw it, as it were, put on white robes and azure wings, and go forth in merciful ministrations to those for whom Christ died. Ah! you, my friends, who are rich, may you not learn to-day —humbly kneeling at the cradle at Bethlehem—the truth which you must learn, which you will have to learn, you know not how soon, when death shall flash it into your hearts with a sudden and terrible conviction, that Christ alone can bestow upon us the gift of our earthly life, that

> "The world can never give
> The rest for which we sigh;
> 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

But, if some are poor and some rich, many of you are sorrowful. Come ye also to the cradle of your Lord, for you need it most. Are you sorrowful? So was He; "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Whatever be the form of your sorrow, and it may be very varied,—be it loneliness, or agony of body, or anxiety of mind, or the sorrows inflicted by the vulgarity or baseness of other men, —He bore it all, even to the cross. That soft and tender child by whose cradle we stand to-day, the shadow of His cross falls even on His cradle, the crimson of His sunset flushes even His golden dawn; and, perfected by suffering, He would teach every one of us out of our sorrows to make springs of tenderness, and strength, and beauty.

Ah! my friends, I know that by the Christmas firesides of some of you there will be vacant chairs and vanished faces. I know it, and my heart grieves for you; but forget not that the joy of the Incarnation is the joy of the Resurrection also, and that there is not one single innocent joy on earth that is not the shadow of a promise of the eternal joy in heaven. The end of our journey, and the end of their journey whom you loved, and have lost, was not here. In human life, at one time the wind blows, the rain falls, the frost is cruel; at another the sun shines, the birds sing, and all is May; but through shadow or through sunlight, we are travelling onward, —they have not changed the end of our journey. Was it not, then, to comfort us, both here, and in the thought of that end, that as you bend over the cradle you may hear, even from that cradle of the holy Child, the invitation which He uttered so divinely in His ministry, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But, lastly, if some of you are rich, and some are poor, and many are sorrowful, all, all of you are sinners; and to you the news of that birth is, indeed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men." While you may see there how much God hates the sin, you may also see how tenderly, how earnestly He loves the sinner. Let us come to His cradle and learn this lesson. Was there ever a sinner who came and was sent away? The publican came spurned by Jew and Gentile, a byword of contempt, and Jesus wrapped that poor despised man in His large sympathy. The harlots came weeping in their degradation, and their misery, and were not repulsed, but their shame was healed. The adulteress lay before Him, a dishevelled heap, sobbing on the temple floor, and even to her He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more." Oh! if there be any here who think themselves to be righteous and despise others, if there be any who take the leprosy of their pride for the whiteness of their innocence, if you cannot learn at that cradle the perfect freedom, the absolute simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, I entreat you, at least, to stand aside to-day; lock not the open door of heaven, which needs not either your hindrance or your help. Not yours in anywise are the keys of the kingdom of God—they lie in the cradle of the holy Child.

Let us come to this cradle, let the lepers come, and let the outcasts come, and the mourners with their tear-stained cheeks, and the sinners with their broken hearts, and the young man with his self-will and his strong unconquered passions, and the poor with their struggling lives, and the rich with their many temptations, and let them kneel and drink freely of the waters of Siloam which flow softly, and let them bathe their sick and shivering souls in the golden tide of Heaven's beatitude, and stand in the circle of Heaven's own free light, undarkened by any shadow; let them escape the errors which darken the mind, the lusts which destroy the body, the sins which corrupt the soul; and so one and all wish to one another a happy Christmas time, as I do from my heart to all of you to-day. Let us stand, high and low, rich and poor, sinful or sorrowful, one with another, common brothers, equally guilty, equally redeemed, by the cradle of the Infant King, that in His light we may see light, and may we leave that cradle more wise and hopeful, more cheerful and undaunted, more pure and loving. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; for behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

OUR LORD AND KING.

In the lowly manger
  Lies our Lord and King,
While the eastern *magi*
  Royal tribute bring:
Ah, no gift too precious,
  Gold and spices sweet,
While they kneel and worship
  At the Saviour's feet,
Angel choirs are singing,
Wise men gifts are bringing
  To their Lord and King.

Current Topics and Events.

The Church as a Social Force.

The Toronto Y.M.C.A. may be congratulated on the completion of one of the best equipped and most commodious and elegant Association buildings on the continent. This institution within the lifetime of its founder has grown from its very humble beginnings in a London warehouse to be a world-wide institution—with its branches in almost every centre of trade and population on the face of the earth. The good that it has accomplished in throwing its arms of love and protection about young men—far from the restraints of home and exposed to the temptations of city life—only the great day shall reveal. We hope that these institutions may be greatly strengthened and their number and efficiency increased, till every town in our country shall have a vigorous branch.

But there is a class of young persons in all our cities who need protecting care and home-like influences even more than the young men. There are thousands of young women working in stores and factories and offices who are deprived of the sheltering roof and parental restraints of home. They are crowded into often comfortless boarding-houses. They have few social recreations. They have no parlours in which to receive visitors. They cannot without risk share the freedom of the streets at night—a risk which they too often incur. To seek such social pleasures as those in which young men often indulge would be for them to leap into the very mouth of hell.

Have the city churches no duty to discharge with respect to this large and increasing class of young persons. Because most of their members have happy homes, and social enjoyments and brilliant parlours, shall they be indifferent to those who enjoy none of these privileges? Most of our churches have comfortable parlours, which are used for social meetings once a month or so, and are shut up in dust and darkness most of the time. Could a better use be made of them than to invite to their cheerful precincts those young men and young women who have no homes or parlours of their own and no other opportunities for social enjoyment? Would not the human kindness thus shown often bring those who are perhaps indifferent to their spiritual interests within religious influences? Would it be any desecration of those rooms to make them bright and beautiful with pictures, magazines and illustrated papers and music, and to give them something of the refining, elevating character of a Christian home? Of course it will cost something for gas and fuel, for the wear of carpets and furniture, and some care in moral oversight. But if it saves young souls from ruin and brings them into the sheltering arms of the Church, will it not be worth the cost? And none we think will receive a richer blessing than those who thus seek to bless and benefit those thus brought under their Christian influence.

International Arbitration.

The importance of this subject, which was so forcibly brought under the notice of President Cleveland last month, cannot be exaggerated. No less than twelve members of the British House of Commons, with such powerful backing as an address signed by 233 members of the British Parliament, including leaders of both parties, presented an appeal for a treaty which shall substitute the arbitrament of reason for the arbitrament of war. The language with which Mr. Carnegie introduced the deputation is not a whit too strong. "Few events in the world's history," he said, "would rank with such a treaty as is here advocated. Only

two events, perhaps, in the history of the United States might fitly be compared with it. These were when Washington's Administration established the Republic, and when Lincoln's Administration abolished human slavery. We fondly hope, Mr. President, that it may be reserved for yours to conclude a treaty not only with the Government of the other great English-speaking nation, but with other lands as well, which shall henceforth and forever secure to these nations the blessings of peace and good-will. The making of such a treaty will have done much to remove from humanity its greatest stain, the killing of man by man. We indulge the hope that if the two greatest nations here represented set such an example that other nations may be induced to follow it, and war between us be ultimately banished from the face of the earth." The reply of Mr. Cleveland while carefully guarded was yet full of encouragement. Among other things he said, "I promise you a faithful and careful consideration of the matter, and I believe I may speak for the American people in giving the assurance that they desire to see killing for the accomplishment of national ambition abolished, and that they will gladly hail the advent of peaceful methods in the settlements of national disputes." What an infinite boon it would be to a war-weary world if such a tribunal of peaceful arbitration could be established!

This movement is all the more significant when it is remembered that it originated in a working-man's congress, and that it is favoured by the great body of working-men in the country. The new democracy is making itself felt in the high court of the nation. Hitherto the military classes have had a representation out of all proportion to their numbers, and their influence has been still more disproportionate. In war times they got most of the glory and the promotions and fat pensions. On the toiling millions fell the burden of war taxes and greater burden of the sorrow for the victims of war. Under what an intolerable burden groan the nations of Europe —six millions of men in the very prime of life conscripted into the ranks of war, and the resources of the country lavished in the construction of its deadly enginery, while women and children have to toil like dumb, driven cattle in the fields or factories or mines.

What infinite possibilities of blessing would accrue to the world if the toil and treasure wasted in war were employed for the welfare of mankind. What productive industries would be maintained. How the waste places of the earth would bloom like a garden. How the untaught millions might be trained in knowledge and the arts. In what large measure the Gospel might be given to the heathen at home and the heathen abroad. What an incubus would be lifted from the nations. How the world would be raised to a brighter plane and the dawn of the millennium be hastened, when the nations shall learn war no more.

Thank God the war spirit which for ages has dominated Europe is, let us hope, giving way more and more to the spirit of peace. In the great minsters, and cathedrals, and public squares fifty years ago the principal monuments were those of successful warriors. To-day we see rising as never before the monuments of the sages, and statesmen, and philanthropists whose labours have blessed the world. God grant that the prophecy of the poet may be e'er long fulfilled:

Down the dark future through long generations
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

A Word to Our Patrons.

The last year has been the best ever known in the history of this MAGAZINE. Its circulation has been largely increased and the number and character of its illustrations have not before been equalled. In view of the splendid Announcement we are able to make and of the fine list of premiums we offer, we hope for an increase of at least 1,000 in its circulation during 1888. The increase in the circulation of the Sunday-school periodicals has also been phenomenal, amounting during the year to 23,779, and the aggregate issue has reached the enormous figures of 284,000 copies, or a total number of over 44,000,000 pages a year, or 150,000 pages for every working day in the year.

We are most anxious that the success of the MAGAZINE should keep pace with that of our Sunday-school periodicals. We have great reason to thank the good providence of God, and the kind co-operation and patronage of the Methodist ministers and people of this Dominion, and of many beyond the Dominion, for its remarkable career of success. We think it no small credit to our Church, no small tribute to its love of good literature, that it has maintained for fifty-eight years the ablest religious weekly in the country—the grand old *Guardian*, never so vigorous as now—that has maintained in the Maritime Provinces for thirty-seven years the well-edited *Wesleyan*, that it has a Sunday-school literature, in quality and extent of circulation equalled by no Church of its size in the world; and that in the difficult field of a monthly Magazine—a field strewn with the wrecks of numerous previous attempts in this line—it has reached such a signal success; and that with this number we complete the twenty-sixth volume of a Magazine which many leading journals in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, assure us is a credit to our Church and country.

It is an amazement to our Methodist friends in the United States that, where they have failed, with their great numbers and great wealth, in several attempts to support a monthly Magazine, we in this newer and poorer country have so remarkably succeeded—and that at a time when the numerous and excellent English and American monthlies of the day make success the more difficult. Much as has been achieved, we are not yet satisfied. We wish every volume, every number, to be an improvement on that which has preceded it. We think this has largely been the case in the past. We purpose to make it still more so in the future. We ask the hearty co-operation and help of every loyal Methodist. We want the renewal of every subscription, and we want each patron to endeavour to secure at least one new subscription. For the first time in our history we offer the December number free to all new subscribers. Show your own copy or our Announcement to some neighbour, speak well of the MAGAZINE if you think it deserves it; or send us the addresses of any whom you would like to subscribe.

We have sometimes been told that we Methodists are not a very learned people—that we may be pious, but that we are not at all literary, and rather lack "æsthetic culture." Well, our record as a Church in providing sound and wholesome religious reading for the people—reading of all grades, from the simple child's paper to the great weekly *Guardian* or monthly Magazine—is something of which we are not ashamed. Æsthetic or not, these have been saturated through and through with the religious spirit, they have held up loyally the banner of Christianity, and while maintaining love and charity to all, they have been true to the doctrines and institutions of Methodism. They were not established to make money, or even to promote æsthetic culture, but to do good to the mind and heart and soul of our people; to brighten their lives, to uplift their thoughts, to better fit them for usefulness on earth and for happiness in heaven. Perhaps this is one reason for their

success—for the Divine blessing which has caused their prosperity.

Though not established to "make money," yet they do make money—and after providing for a rapidly increasing business, the profits of the Toronto Publishing House, under the able administration of Dr. Briggs, the indefatigable and successful Book Steward, warranted last year a grant of $6,000 to the maintenance of our aged and worn-out ministers or their widows. We believe that before long those profits will warrant a still greater annual grant. We, therefore, thank God and take courage, and look for a year of still greater prosperity and increase than the last.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Since the Conference missionary valedictory, services have been held in various places to bid adieu to young men and others who were going forth to embark in the mission field. Such meetings do much to keep the mission spirit alive in the British churches.

The committee have loud calls for an increase of missionaries in Burmah and South Africa. They are in correspondence with the English Government respecting the injury done to the natives by the sale of intoxicating liquors. Recently a Rajah in Travancore said, "They say it is very wrong to send opium to China, to demoralize the Chinese. But is it not also a very wicked thing to encourage the sale of intoxicating liquor in India for the sake of revenue? Is it not just as criminal to degrade Hindoos as to degrade Chinamen? Why is it not as wrong to send brandy and whiskey to Calcutta as to send opium to Shanghai or Hong Kong?" Surely the Indian rajah is correct.

The Methodist Church was the only one in Ireland which had an increase in the last census. In the face of a declining population it reports a notable increase the past year.

The "Tent Mission" is doing excellent service in Ireland. The Editor of the *Christian Advocate* says: "The tent is doing a blessed work. Those who conduct its services are owned of God. They get nearer the people. Their spirit diffuses earnestness; their word is welcomed with eager attention and there is a large measure of candid acceptance of the truth. We never saw finer decorum at any service, nor greater simplicity of spirit. One feels it joy to work for Christ among people who receive the word with such readiness of mind. Requests for prayer are soon followed by requests for praise."

Other denominations are imitating the example of the Methodists in using tents for their missions in Ireland.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Richmond *Advocate* says: "Every third man in America is under Methodist influence."

Bishop Warren recently preached to an audience of one thousand five hundred people in the Meiji Kaido, Tokio, Japan. This building was erected to provide a place for delivering lectures hostile to Christianity. It was a failure on this line, and now its chief use is furnishing a rallying-place for the spread of Christianity. The large audience listened with rapt attention while the Bishop showed what is meant by the Master's command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc.

The friends of Bishop Taylor's African missions have contributed nearly $46,000 to maintain them, besides supplying $25,000 to build the

Bishop's steel Congo steamer, which has cost $30,000. Many of the stations in Angola are now raising much of their own food supplies, and are thus largely self-supporting. Seven missionaries have died, but seventy remain in active service. This does not include the children, of whom a considerable number are with their parents. Bishop Taylor is supposed to have joined the last party that left this country, in Liberia, and to be now with them on the Congo, which they will leave before long to travel hundreds of miles up the Kasea affluent to the rich Baluba country.

Elijah Hays and wife have given property valued at $130,000 to the Missionary Society. This is the largest gift ever so bestowed

Mrs. Emily Hatfield Hobert, with Miss Frances Wheeler and a large missionary band, sailed in September to China.

A "Deaconess' Institute" has been established in New York, which proposes to train and educate Christian women as nurses, and so furnish nurses for the sick in private families, hospitals, asylums, almshouses and prisons, especially to provide free of charge nurses for the poor, with medical or surgical care and treatment.

There has been a grand revival at the Ohio Wesleyan University. More than one hundred persons have been converted. Seventy-five of the students are preparing for the ministry.

Dr. Rust, Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, recently addressed the Genesee Annual Conference, and said that his Society had been in existence twenty-one years and had planted seven universities, fifteen normal schools, one medical school and twelve schools for the white population, and these schools are doing wonders for both the white and black people of the South. In these schools we have educated one hundred thousand students, and through the teachers trained in them nine hundred thousand more, making one million in all. We have spent $1,950,000 in this work, and have now $850,000 worth of school property.

This denomination has built more than four thousand churches in sixteen Southern States since the war. These houses of worship represent a membership of over four hundred thousand, about equally divided between the races. This membership represents a population of half a million among the coloured people. Beyond the Border States the great masses of the people are poor, and have never had the privileges of even the poorest public school. The work of the Freedmen's Aid Society is to put intelligent and competent ministers into those four thousand pulpits. Twenty years of effort have either given those who could not read some education, or put better men in their places. Some have received full college courses of training.

The election of Miss Willard as a lay delegate to the approaching General Conference has given satisfaction to her friends, who include nearly everybody. Time works wonderful changes. At the Cincinnati Conference, eight years ago, she sought, and sought in vain, for an opportunity to speak from the General Conference platform. Now she goes as a regularly accredited delegate, with as good a right as any other member to vote and make motions and speeches. This assumes, of course, that her eligibility will be admitted.

Dr. Abel Stevens in a recent letter to the New York *Christian Advocate*, tells how he on two recent Sundays preached in a Buddhist temple to a congregation half native and half foreign, with Buddha and his usual emblems before him, and his venerable priest at hand and silent. And he says, "Our American hymns rang through all its corridors. Convinced that their old religions are incompatible with the national ambition and recognition, the Japanese are equally convinced that Christianity is the only admissible substitute, and the statesmen and publicists generally are ready to adopt it, if not from moral sympathy with it, yet from motives of policy. The greatest native journalist throughout the empire, who was once hos-

tile to Christianity, has at last come out in favour of it as an indispensable condition of Japanese recognition among the civilized nations."

The Methodist Church.

The Missionary Board held its annual meeting in Montreal in October. It is gratifying to know that the income for the past year exceeds $200,000, which is an increase of $12,062 over the past year. The debt is nearly extinguished. The income, though large, is not yet sufficient for the wants of the Society, inasmuch as only seventy per cent. of the applications for grants to domestic missions could be allowed. There is a net gain in the membership on the missions of four thousand nine hundred and fourteen.

Urgent need exists for necessary buildings for the Chinese Mission in British Columbia and the French Institute in Montreal, which the ordinary income of the Society cannot supply, therefore the Treasurer is authorised to solicit special subscriptions on behalf of these objects.

There are numerous openings in Japan for ministers to act as both evangelists and teachers; the Board therefore recommends the annual Conferences to allow such ministers as may be disposed to enter these fields of usefulness such disciplinary facilities as may be requisite for their engaging in this important work.

The Rev. Mr. Hardie, of Canada, has just been employed as a teacher in the Nobles' School. This institution has had Christian instruction from the start. For some time past the teachers of both the English and German languages have been missionaries. In this way the young nobility have been brought in contact with Christianity from the beginning of their education, and it cannot but have some influence in moulding their future lives.

The presence of the Rev. Mr. Hiraiwa, a native Japanese minister, awakened great interest at the meetings of the Board, and his speech at the public meeting was listened to with profound attention. He is an active man, and has the appearance of being possessed of superior intelligence. He will spend the greater part of this autumn and winter in attending missionary anniversaries, and doubtless will be very useful. In connection with the Missionary Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, our Japanese brother is at present in the Maritime Provinces. The services of Dr. McDonald will also be highly prized at missionary services.

The Woman's Missionary Board is doing good work for the Methodist Church. The McDougall Orphanage, in the North-West, and the Crosby Girls' Home in British Columbia, are under their care. The former contains twenty-three and the latter eighteen children. The French work at Acton, P. Q., was never so encouraging. The Girls' School in Japan has accommodated two hundred and twenty-seven pupils, the current expenses of which were met by the Japanese themselves. Fifty have been converted, and sixty-five native Christians are meeting in class. The school is too small to accommodate all who wish to attend. It is matter for regret that Miss Cartmell, the first lady missionary to Japan, has been obliged to return home, though it is hoped only for a season. Other ladies, Miss Lund, of Woodstock, and Miss Cunningham, of Halifax, have been sent out. It is gratifying to know that seven Chinese girls have been rescued from a life of shame in Victoria, British Columbia. The income for the past year is $14,197.

Rev. A. Campbell and S. C. Kendall are succeeding well in publishing a sprightly monthly periodical, *The Christian Advocate and Sunday-School Times*, which they intend to be circulated chiefly within the bounds of the Montreal Conference. We have read with pleasure the numbers which we have seen. We wish the enterprise every success.

Items.

The Hon. Thomas Seay, Governor of Alabama, is a real Methodist.

He declined to attend the inaugural ball given in his honour. When he removed to his present residence he took his letter from his pastor at Greensboro' and lost no time in depositing it with his new pastor in Montgomery. Such men are true witnesses for Christ.

The Japanese Methodists of San Francisco, Cal., gave over $400 for missions, and now have contributed $1,000 toward fitting up the building they have rented in which to hold services.

Two daughters of two of the Bishops are engaged as teachers in the Mission School at Piracicaba in Brazil.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, the M. E. Church South, and the Methodist Church of Canada have all united in theological instruction in Tokio, Japan. Good thing to do.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South observed a week of self-denial with a view to reduce their missionary debt, and so far $22,439.11 have been received by the treasurer with about one-fifth of the preachers to hear from.

Some of the students in Knox College contribute a column of missionary news weekly to the daily *Mail*, Toronto. The *Globe* has a similar column.

Mr. Garside was recently ordained in St. James' Square Church, Toronto, and went to India as a missionary.

The Revs. John E. Davis and H. F. Laflamme, of the Baptist College, Toronto, recently sailed to India to labour among the Telegus Miss Alexander, daughter of the Rev. J. Alexander, has also gone to India to labour in the Zenana missions.

Rev. E. F. Wilson, founder and principal of the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, proposes to establish a new institution at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Wilson has now in his home at Shingwauk, Blackfeet and Sioux boys who have travelled from nine hundred to one thousand miles to come to him, and he has had the offer of a child even from Peace River.

In twenty-five years the Bishop of Ontario has created two new parishes or missions every year. During the same period one hundred and fifty-six churches have been built, sixty-one parsonages acquired, and twenty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-nine persons have been confirmed. A sustentation fund of $34,500 has been created.

The Church Missionary Society of England, largely supported by the Evangelical section of the Anglican Church, had an income during the past year of over $1,700,000, the largest income of any missionary society now in existence.

The New York *Independent* thus mentions the last Methodist General Conference. "The scheme of comity adopted makes us suspect that Christianity in the Dominion is far ahead of Christianity in the United States in brotherly love and catholicity of feeling. The Methodists propose that in places where a Methodist and a Presbyterian church cannot be supported except by mission funds, the congregations be consolidated in the name of the stronger party. What a waste might be saved, what unseemly rivalry might be avoided, what weak and inefficient organizations might be got rid of in hundreds of our towns, if we had such a system of interdenominational comity."

From the volume containing the Minutes of American Conferences we gather the following statistics: There are now three thousand eight hundred and ninety-one effective preachers; three hundred and fifty-nine superannuates; one hundred and eighty-six supernumeraries; total, four thousand four hundred and thirty-four; with five thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine ordained local preachers. The number of preachers and members is one million sixty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven; net increase the past year seventy-six thousand three hundred and forty-nine.

The last report of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association makes the startling assertion that 75 per cent. of the young men of this country are never seen inside of any church; that only 15 per cent. of them can be called regular church-goers, and that but five per cent. are communicants.

There are forty-two church edifices in New Mexico, belonging to the different denominations as follows: Methodist Episcopal, 16; Methodist Episcopal South, 7; Presbyterian, 12; Protestant Episcopal, 3; Baptists, 2. This in a territory covering an area of 122,500 square miles, larger than all the New England States with New York added, with a population of 130,000.

Sam Jones is supporting four young men at college in Georgia.

The *Sunday-School Times* says: "John Wesley's followers have always looked upon nothing less than the whole world as their field of labour. Just now Professor Warren, of Boston University, is making himself felt while regaining his health in Great Britain. Dr. Vincent has recently been addressing large gatherings in the principal cities of Italy. Bishop Ninde was, at last accounts, presenting diplomas of a theological school in India; while Bishop William Taylor is supervising his band of workers in Equatorial Africa." The writer might also have added that at the same time Bishop Hargrove was spending months in Central Mexico, and Bishop Wilson had commenced a new mission in Japan and formed a Conference in China, and was making a tour around the world partly in search of health, but especially in pursuit of new mission fields where Christ has not yet been named.

The Death-Roll.

The Rev. Royal G. Wilder, a veteran missionary, recently finished his course. He was for many years in connection with the American Board of Missions in India. He afterwards became independent, and established several native schools on the self-sustaining plan. Owing to ill-health he returned home and published the *Missionary Review*, which has done immense service in the cause of missions. His thirty years' labour in India is thus described:—"He and his wife were for twelve years the only Christian missionaries for a population of 4,000,000, where there are at the present time twelve missionaries. He preached in upwards of 3,000 cities, towns, and villages, distributed over 3,000,000 pages of the Scriptures and tracts, and taught over 3,000 boys and 300 girls in his school." He was about to return to India with his wife and daughter when the Master called him home. He worked at the *Review* until within a few hours of his death.

The Hon. John B. Finch, almost literally "ceased at once to work and live," as he died in a little time after he had addressed a public meeting. He was one of the most foremost men in the temperance cause. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Evanston, near Chicago, where he was greatly beloved.

The Rev. W. B. Affleck, another earnest temperance worker, well known in Canada, has been called to his reward. Though of lowly birth, he was one of God's noblemen He graduated from the coal mines to the ministry of the Primitive Methodist Church. In his early days he was a notorious drunkard, and bore to his death, in his halting gait, the marks of a drunken bout. His conversion was a miracle of grace, and his ministry one rich in fruit. He was one of the most beautiful characters we ever knew—full of love and of good works—with charity to all, with malice to none. "To know him was to love him, to name him was to praise." Many an eye in Canada will be dimmed at the intelligence that the tender-hearted, brave-souled William B. Affleck is no more.

Book Notices.

Parish Problems: Hints and Helps for the People of the Churches. Edited by WASHINGTON GLADDEN. New York: The Century Co. 8vo, pp. xii.–479. Price $2.50.

It was a happy thought to collect in one volume a series of essays treating every aspect of Church work. The principal essayist is Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence, better known as "Meta Lander," the accomplished contributor to the *Independent* and other leading journals. Dr. Gladden himself contributes the next greatest amount, and the whole has passed under his careful editing. He has called to his aid experts in the different phases of Church life and Church work. For instance, Austin Abbott treats chiefly of parish business, organization, administration, and the like; and E. C. Gardner, Church building, ventilation, etc. Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. Schauffler, and Dr. Dunning treat the Sunday-school department; and Waldo S. Pratt and Prof. Sherwin discuss Church music, choirs, the organ, etc. Dr. Haydn and Dr. Lyman Abbott treat mission work. Dr. Josiah Strong treats co-operation with other Churches, and Dr. Bradford, woman's work. There are also several other contributors.

It will be apparent from the names mentioned that this is a strongly-written book and that it is quite encyclopædic in its scope. Among the most admirable contributions are those of Dr. Gladden himself. They are characterized by sound common-sense, by broad and liberal views, and by scholarly treatment. In his papers and those of Mrs. Lawrence a vein of humour and fund of anecdote lend piquancy to the treatment. This is anything but a dry book. The very title of some of the chapters—as Candidating and Coquetry, Vagrant Parsons, Stealing a Minister, Ministerial Bureaux, Parish Courtesies, Mrs. Grundy, and the like—show the light and graceful touch employed. Nor are the graver aspects of Church work, as prayer and fellowship meetings, the study and pulpit, funerals and pastoral visitation, and evangelistic work neglected.

Dr. Gladden recognizes the advantages the Methodists possess in bringing a pastor to every church and a church to every pastor. He speaks of one religious body in which out of 4,016 churches, 941 are reported vacant; and out of 3,796 ministers, 1,137 are "not in pastoral work." Mrs. Lawrence tells of a church which "enjoyed the Christian amusement of criticising 240 ministers" before selecting a settled pastor. Dr. Gladden says: "The Methodists alone escape this reproach. It is their boast that every minister who desires work is furnished with a field of labour, and that every church needing a pastor is supplied. Over against the confessed disadvantages of their system arising out of its imperfect adaptation to work in the larger cities, this great fact must be set." From what we have said it will be apparent that this is a book of permanent value. No minister, no Christian layman, can read it without catching many suggestive hints and helps for Church work. Indeed, of its seventy-seven sections not a few might be made the subject of profitable prayer-meeting talks.

Victorian Poets. Revised Edition. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Cr. 8vo, pp. xxiv—520. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price $2.25.

The public has become somewhat surfeited with Jubilee books describing the material progress of the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. Stedman has given us instead a critical survey of the last half century of

British poetry. He has admirable qualifications for the task. He is a poet himself and has a poet's breadth of sympathy, keenness of insight, and cultured taste, that enable him to discuss with superior intelligence and ability the characteristics of the vast and varied field of Victorian poetry. The first edition of this book at once challenged attention on both sides of the sea and won the commendation of the critical journals of Europe and America. The author has enlarged the scope of his book and added a supplementary chapter bringing his review down to the fiftieth year of the Victorian period. He treats first the general poetical character of that period and traces a law of progress and advance in poetry as an art. He devotes a chapter to the too little known poet, Walter Savage Landor. He then passes under review the genial Hood, the almost "faultily faultless" Matthew Arnold, the intensely human "Barry Cornwall." Two noble chapters are devoted to Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, who may be fitly characterized as "Shakespeare's sister" and Shakespeare's other self. Certainly no more dramatic soul has lived since Shakespeare's day than the author of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" and "*Dramatis Personæ*." One of the most discriminative chapters is that on the Poet Laureate and the comparison of his idyllic poetry with that of the sweet Dorian singer, Theocritus. Then follows a just and generous characterization of Woodsworth and the "Meditative School," and of a whole choir of lesser singers, writers of *vers de société*, translators, hymnists and humorists. Among the most interesting chapters are those reviewing some latter-day poets: Buchanan, the Rossettis, Morris—"the idle singer of an empty day"—and that fervid and versatile genius, Algernon Charles Swinburne.

This book has become a standard on the subject. Its sterling merit is indicated by the fact that this is its thirteenth edition. It is not so epigrammatic or brilliant as Taine's literary criticism, but it is, we judge, more justly discriminative. Excepting Lowell's exquisite essays, we know of no nobler American critical work. The publishers have made a charming library volume with its neat binding, gilt top, full *marginalia*, and copious index.

Dame Heraldry. By F. S. W. 8vo. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.50.

There is a wealth of curious lore connected with the study of heraldry that the average reader knows little about. An acquaintance with this science—for science it is—unlocks a world of legend and romance. There is, of course, a good deal of technical jargon about the heraldic phraseology. But when a few definitions are clearly understood, the whole system has a significance and historic interest of a fascinating kind. The writer of this interesting volume, which is quite a cyclopædia on the subject, begins with the feudal and crusading legends from which many crests and coats of arms took their origin. She then describes, with numerous examples, the "augmentations" or additions which were made to many simpler crests. Then we have an account of the queer College-of-Arms, with its Earl Marshal, and its Garter, Lyon and Ulster King-at-Arms; its Blue Mantle, Rouge Croix, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon and other fantastic titles. The classes of arms, orders of knighthood, the meaning of coats-of-arms, standards, flags, ensigns, and the origin of titles are described. Then the mysteries of supporters, mottoes, colours, metals, furs, are explained; and the decorations taken from the most extraordinary heraldic creatures—wyverns, griffins, hippogriffs, bird, beast and fish of every kind, possible and impossible.

Nowhere have these heraldic distinctions been carried to so great an extent than among the Scottish clans. Even certain plants become the badges of certain houses, and the very stripes and colours of their tartans; and their arms and mottoes become a haughty challenge or defiance that seems to ring like a battle cry. The book is illustrated

by 117 engravings of world-famous coats-of-arms of the principal royal, ducal, and noble families. Several of these are beautifully printed in gold and silver, blue, red, and green, or, to express it heraldically, in or, argent, gules, azure, and vert. The book concludes appropriately with a funeral hatchment. A glossary of the language of heraldry would have been of service, but one can find that in Webster or Worcester.

Laura Secord, the Hero of 1812—A Drama; and Other Poems. By SARAH ANN CURZON. 8vo, pp. 214. Toronto: Blackett Robinson. Price $1.75.

Mrs. Curzon has selected one of the most dramatic incidents in the most heroic period of Canadian history as the subject of the longest poem in this volume. With much skill she has made the brave-souled Canadian heroine to live over again her gallant deed. The characters are distinctly outlined and the story is vividly told. It is well to lay this wreath of verse upon the grave of the noble woman who, in all probability, saved her country from disaster at the risk of her life. We get a glimpse of the old institution of slavery, not then banished from the province, though the dialect talk, we think, rather beneath the dignity of the poem. A number of spirited poems fill a hundred pages more. We like best the stirring story of the hero of St. Helen's Island, the very cadence of which keeps pace with the action of the poem. Forty pages of historical notes add to the value of the volume. This is a contribution of much interest to Canadian verse.

Matthew Dale, Farmer. By MRS. SANDERS. New Ed. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Cr. 8vo, pp. 320.

Scotch stories, if well written, have a charm beyond all others. The very dialect is poetry. The shrewd wisdom and "pawky" humour give a piquancy to the story altogether beyond the narrative interest. This book gives a picture of genial domestic life in the Scottish Lowlands, shot through and through with the golden threads of a faithful love that hopes and endures and is patient. It has no tragic though some pathetic scenes. One of the most striking characters is good Mrs. Scott, the factor's wife, who always refers to her husband as "the bairns' faither." The story is not without its religious moral, and its example of the disastrous consequences of intemperance. For the benefit of readers not acquainted with the Scottish dialect, the unfamiliar words are explained in footnotes. The book is beautifully illustrated and bound.

In Cheviot's Glens. By JAMES T. STODDART. Cr. 8vo, pp. 241. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

This is another graphic delineation of Border life. Among the unfamiliar characters introduced are a number of Scottish gipsies who speak the soft Lowland tongue as broadly as any. The skein of four young lives becomes strangely tangled, but all is happily straightened at the end. Scottish student life, the trial sermon, the humours of a Scottish election, the first visit of an auld Scot's dame to Edinboro' town, her perfervid enthusiasm for the historic monuments of the struggle for Scotland's liberty—all lend vivacity and interest to the story.

Equal to the Occasion. By EDWARD GARRETT. Cr. 8vo, pp. 256. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

The well-known author of "By Still Waters," and many another charming story, needs no introduction. This book is full of skilful character sketching and keen insight into motive and action. The struggle of an orphan girl in the heart of London, to earn a living and pay her dead father's debts furnish a fine theme for our author's sympathetic pen. The lights and shadows of London life, the contrasted nobleness and meanness of some of the personages in the story,

the trials and triumphs of virtue and the sustaining power of religion in adversity, are finely shown. The illustrations are very good and really illustrate, which pictures sometimes do not.

Is There Salvation After Death? A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State. By E. D. MORRIS, D.D., LL.D., of Lane Theological Seminary. Cr. 8vo, cloth, $1.25. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Amid the pressure of business at this time of the year, we have not had time to do justice to this important work. We have put it into competent hands for an adequate review in our next number. In the meantime we quote the opinion expressed by the *New York Evangelist*:—

"Clear in method and cogent in argument, it is saturated throughout with the large literature of its subject, is free from all acerbity and unfairness, and is loyal to God's Word as the final test of Christian truth. It will settle doubt and confirm faith."

Beams of Light on Early Methodism in America. By GEORGE A. PHŒBUS, D.D. Pp. 338. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $1.25.

This volume is drawn chiefly from the diary letters, MS. documents and original tracts of the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper. It has thus an autobiographic as well as historic interest. This story of the marvellous growth of Methodism in the New World goes back to 1776 and comes down to about 1804. It is full of the romance of a Christian chivalry, nobler than that of arms.

A Harmony of the Gospels in the Revised Version. By S. D. WADDY, Q.C., M.P.

The bearer of an honoured name, to which he has himself added lustre by his services to the Church of his fathers, a busy Queen's Counsel and member of Parliament, has here accomplished a valuable service for every Bible student. By an ingenious arrangement of the text of the Gospels in parallel columns, Mr. Waddy has given us a consecutive life of our Lord in the language of the Revised Version of the New Testament. The book will be invaluable for Sunday-school teachers and for all Bible students. It gives a view of the Blessed Life, which cannot be gained in any other way.

Beauty Crowned; or, the Story of Esther, the Jewish Maiden. By the REV. J. N. FRADENBURGH, Ph.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price 90 cents.

The learned author of this book brings all the evidences of history and archæology to bear upon the romantic story of Esther. He reconstructs for us the past of the stately palace of Shushan. He has interwoven into the narrative numerous classic and oriental illustrations which make it more real to our imaginations. He shows that the historic truthfulness of the story may be considered demonstrated beyond controversy. A world of curious information throws a flood of light on this ancient oriental book.

Our Country: Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis. By REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D., With an Introduction by Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D. Pp. 229. 12mo. cloth, 50c. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

This remarkable book, in the few months which have elapsed since its publication, has passed through successive editions till it has reached the fiftieth thousand With a brilliantly marshalled array of unimpeachable facts, it portrays America's material, social and religious condition and probable trend, points out the perils which threaten her future—perils from Romanism, Mormonism, intemperance, socialism, and the like—and, with wonderful clearness and tremendous force, both shows the means of averting danger and inspires enthusiasm for the task.